TOM SAWYER

UNIVERSITY ... 12 JAN

by MARK TWAIN

Adapted by ALBERT O. BERGLUND

WINNETKA PUBLIC SCHOOLS, WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

Illustrated by SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

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CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS PALO ALTO FAIR LAWN, N.J.

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CHAPTER I

mischief

"Tom!"

No answer.

"Tom!"

No answer.

"Where has that boy gone? You, TOM!"

There was no answer to the call.

The old lady pulled her glasses down and looked over them about the room. Then she put her glasses

up and looked out under them. She seldom or never looked *through* the glasses, for they were built for "style." Now she looked around for a few moments and said, "Well, if I get hold of you, I'll—"

She did not finish, for by this time she was poking under the bed with a stick. She found nothing but the old cat.

"I never did see another boy like Tom," the old lady declared.

Next she went to the open door and stood there, looking out into the garden. No Tom. She raised her head and shouted, "YOU TOM!"

There was a noise behind her. She turned just in time to catch a small boy by the shirt. "I might have thought of the kitchen. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing," answered the boy.

"Nothing! Look at your hands. And look at your mouth. What *is* that?" asked the old lady.

"I don't know, Aunt Polly."

"Well, I know. It's jam, that's what it is. How many times have I said if you didn't let that jam alone, I would skin you? Hand me that stick on the table," she cried.

Tom handed the stick to Aunt Polly. The stick was in the air. It was ready to fall on him. It was—

"My! Look behind you, Aunt Polly," cried Tom.

The old lady turned around to look. The boy ran out of the door, climbed over the high board fence, and was out of sight in a flash.

Aunt Polly looked surprised for a moment and then started to laugh.

"Hang the boy. Can't I ever learn anything? Hasn't he played enough tricks like that on me? But old fools are the biggest fools there are—and old dogs can't learn new tricks, they say. But my goodness—he never plays them alike any two days, so how am I to know what's coming? He seems to know that if he can put me off or make me laugh, I can't hit him. I'm not doing my duty by that boy—he's full of tricks. But laws-a-me, he's my own dead sister's boy, and I haven't the heart to hit him. Now he'll stay away from school this afternoon, and then I just must make him work tomorrow to punish him. And it's hard to make him work on Saturdays when all the boys are having a holiday—but I've got to do some of my duty by him, or he'll be spoiled."

Aunt Polly was right. Tom did not go to school that warm afternoon. He enjoyed himself and arrived home late in the day. He got there just in time to help Jim, the Negro boy, cut wood for the next day; that is while Jim did most of the work, Tom told what he had done that afternoon. Tom's younger brother, Sid, was already through with his part of the work. He was a quiet boy and did not get into trouble.

While Tom was eating supper and stealing sugar when he could, Aunt Polly asked him many questions about the afternoon. She was afraid that Tom had not gone to school, and carefully planned to trap him with her questions. Said she, "Tom, wasn't it very warm in school this afternoon?"

"Yes, Aunt Polly."

"Very, very warm, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"Didn't you want to go in swimming, Tom?" asked the aunt.

Tom felt a little frightened. He looked up at Aunt Polly to see if she was angry and then said, "No—well, not very much."

The old lady reached out her hand and felt Tom's shirt. "You aren't too warm now, though," she declared with interest.

Tom had planned what to say if his aunt should ask too many questions: "Some of us put water on our heads—mine is wet yet. See?"

"You didn't have to open your shirt where I sewed it,[1] to put water on your head, did you? Unbutton your coat and let me see."

Tom opened his coat and showed the old lady that his shirt was still sewed.

"Well, go along with you," she said. "I was sure you'd gone swimming and hadn't been to school. I guess I was mistaken this time."

Tom was ready to leave, but Sid spoke out, "I thought that shirt was sewed with white thread, but now it's black."

"Why, I did sew it with white thread. Tom!" cried Aunt Polly.

Tom did not wait to hear more. As he ran out of the door, he cried, "I'll get you for that, Sid!"

[1] *open your shirt . . . sewed it.* Because buttons were hard to get in those days, mothers often sewed children into their clothes.

Before long Tom had forgotten his troubles. He walked down the street, looking for something to do. Since it was not dark yet, he began to whistle as he moved along. But soon he stopped his whistling—a strange boy was right in front of him. Tom knew all the boys who lived in town. This boy must have come from the city. He was taller than Tom and wore good clothes. What kind of boy was this who was dressed up on a weekday? His hat was a pretty thing, and so was his new blue suit. He had shoes on, too—and this was only Friday. He even had a necktie, a bright bit of ribbon. Tom looked at his own poor clothes and then at the new boy's. Tom could not like this new fellow. Neither boy spoke. If one moved, the other moved. They kept face to face all the time, moving round in a circle. At last Tom said, "I can beat you up."

"Like to see you try it."

"Well, I can do it," said Tom.

"No, you can't, either."

"Yes, I can," cried Tom.

"No, you can't."

"I can."

"You can't."

"Can!"

"Can't!"

Neither boy spoke for some time. Then Tom said, "What's your name?"

"None of your business."

"Well, I'll *make* it my business," said Tom.

"Well, why don't you?"

"If you say much, I will."

"Much, much, *much*. There now."

"Oh, you think you're good, don't you? I could beat you with one hand tied behind me if I wanted to," said Tom.

"Well, why don't you *do* it? You *say* you can do it."

"Well, I *will*, if you fool with me. Oh, what a hat!"

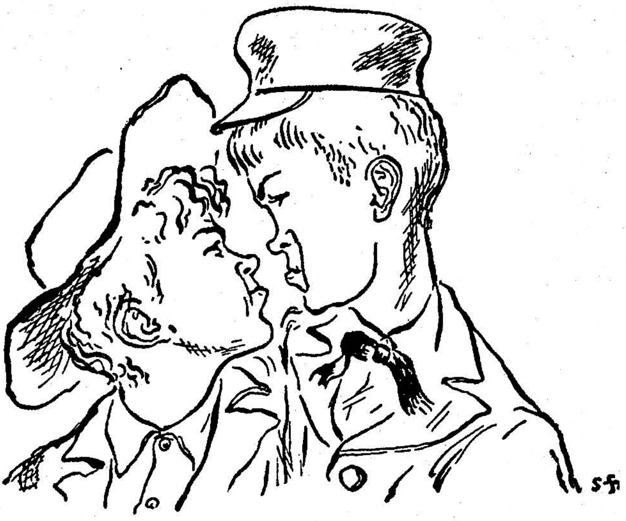
"I dare you to knock it off. You're afraid," cried the boy.

"I *ain't* afraid," cried Tom.

"You are."

"I ain't."

"You are too."



The two boys moved closer together. Another silence came, and again they moved round and round. Soon they were shoulder to shoulder, looking each other in the eye. Tom said, "Get away from here."

"Go away yourself!"

"I won't," cried Tom.

"*I* won't either."

So they stood pushing each other with might and main, looking with hot hate in their eyes. But neither could push the other over. After struggling until both were tired, they stopped, and Tom said, "You're a rat and a dog. And I'll tell my big brother on you. And he can beat you with his little finger."

"What do I care for your big brother? I've got a big brother that's bigger than your brother. He

can throw your brother over that fence." (Neither boy had a big brother.)

"That's a lie," said Tom.

"*Your* saying so doesn't make it so."

Tom drew a line in the dust and shouted, "I dare you to step over that line. I'll beat you till you can't stand up."

The new boy stepped over the line and said, "Now let's see you do it. You said you would."

"Don't you push me now. You better look out," cried Tom.

"Why don't you do it? You *said* you would."

"For two cents I *will* do it."

The boy took two pennies out of his pocket and held them out with a laugh. Tom struck them to the ground, and in an instant both boys were rolling in the dust like cats. They pulled each other's hair and clothes. They hit each other's noses. After much pulling and rolling, Tom had the stranger down and was sitting on him, pounding him with his fists.

"Say give up!" said Tom.

The new boy only tried to get free. He was crying —with anger.

"Say give up!"—and the pounding went on.

At last the new boy said slowly, "Give up."

Tom let him up and declared, "Better look out who you're fooling with next time."

The new boy went off, cleaning the dust from his clothes and crying. He looked back and told what he would do to Tom the "next time he saw him." At this Tom laughed loudly and started off in high spirits. But as soon as his back was turned, the stranger threw a stone that hit him between the shoulders. Tom chased his flying enemy all the way home and stood at the gate, daring him to come out. The enemy, however, only made faces at him through the window. At last the boy's mother came out and called Tom a bad, mean, wicked child and sent him away. So he did go away, but he said he would "get" that boy later.

Tom got home late that night. And as he climbed in through the window, he found Aunt Polly there, waiting for him. When she saw his clothes and dirty face, she made up her mind that he would spend the next day at hard work. Saturday would be no holiday for Tom.

CHAPTER II

Work and Fun

Saturday morning came, bright and fresh. It was filled with life and brought a song to the lips and a smile to the face.

Tom came out to the sidewalk with a pail of whitewash and a long-handled brush. His heart fell as he thought of the hard work before him. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high—and all of it had to be whitewashed! Slowly Tom put his brush into the pail, stepped over to the fence, and passed the brush along one board. He put the brush into the pail again and whitewashed the board once more. Then he sat on a barrel and looked at his work. It would take all day to cover that fence.

Jim, the Negro boy, came walking out at the gate with a pail in his hand. Getting water had never interested Tom before, but now he remembered that other boys would be at the well.

"Say, Jim, I'll get the water for you if you'll whitewash for a while," said Tom.

Jim shook his head and said, "I can't, Master Tom. Old missus, she told me I got to go and get this water and not to stop and fool around with anybody."

"Oh, never mind what she says, Jim. That's the way she always talks. Give me the pail. I won't be gone more than a minute. She won't ever know."

"Oh, I can't, Master Tom. Old missus, she would take and skin me if I did," said Jim.

"*She!* She never beats anybody. She *talks* a lot, but talk don't hurt—it don't hurt if she don't cry. I'll give you a marble, Jim. I'll give you a white marble!" cried Tom.

Jim began to think.

"White marble, Jim! And it's first-rate. Look!" Tom showed Jim the marble.

"My! That's a mighty good marble, I tell you. But Master Tom, I'm afraid of old missus—"

"And besides, I'll show you my sore toe."

Jim put down his pail and bent over the toe with great interest while it was being unwrapped.

Just then Aunt Polly came out with a stick in her hand. In a moment Jim was flying down the street with his pail, and Tom was whitewashing the fence with great speed.

But Tom did not work long. He began to think of all the good times he had planned for this day. Soon all the boys who were free would come by and make fun of him for having to work. It hurt him like fire to think of what they would say. He put his hands into his pockets and drew out some marbles, toys, and bits of glass. As he looked at these, an idea came to him. Why hadn't he thought of that before? He put the things back into his pockets.

Now, with the brush in his hands, he worked as if he liked it. Soon Ben came walking down the street—the very boy, of all boys, whose laugh he had been dreading. Tom went on whitewashing and did not notice him.

"Say, old boy, you got to work, don't you?" said Ben, who was eating an apple.

Tom turned suddenly, "Why, it's you, Ben. I didn't see you come."

"*I*'m going swimming, *I* am. Don't you wish you could? But you would rather *work*—wouldn't you, Tom? Of *course* you would!"

Tom looked at the boy for a moment and then said, "What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?" asked Ben.

Tom started to whitewash again. In a moment he said, "Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is that it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Don't tell me you *like* it."

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I shouldn't like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?" asked Tom.

Ben stopped eating his apple. He had not thought of it that way. Now Tom moved the brush slowly back and forth, then he stepped back to look at his work. He saw a few spots. He carefully painted over them—then stepped back to look at his work again. Ben looked on with interest. At last he said, "Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

"No—no—I couldn't do that, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly wants this done very careful—this is the front fence, you know. If it was the back fence, I would let you try. But there ain't a boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it right," said Tom.

"No—is that so? Just let me try once. Only just a little—I would let *you* try if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I would like to, honest Injun—but Aunt Polly wouldn't like it. Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. If anything was to happen to—"

"Oh, I'll be careful. Let me try. Say, I'll give you half of this apple," said Ben.

"Well, here. No, I'm afraid—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

With a troubled look Tom gave up the brush and took the apple. But he sat on a barrel in the shade, eating his apple while Ben worked hard under the hot sun. Other boys came by and stopped to talk with the worker and his friend.

By the time Ben was tired out, Bill Fisher wanted to whitewash. He gave Tom a new kite for a chance to work. When Bill was tired, Tom traded the next

chance to John Miller for a dead rat and a rope to swing it with. So it went, on and on, hour after hour. Other boys came along. They stopped to laugh—but they stayed to whitewash.

When the middle of the afternoon came, Tom was rolling in riches. He had a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a dog collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, some blue glass to look through, a dead rat, a new kite, and four orange skins.

Tom had had a good time all the while—plenty of good company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it. If he had not run out of whitewash, he would have had the treasures of every boy in the village of St. Petersburg.

Tom told himself that it was not such a bad world after all. He had found out something without knowing it—to make a person want something, the thing must be hard to get.

CHAPTER III

Courting the New Girl

Tom ran into the house to tell Aunt Polly that the work had been finished. He found her sewing in a chair near the open living-room window. The sweet summer air, the restful quiet, and the low murmur of the bees had had their effect, and she was almost asleep. She had no company but the cat, and it was sleeping on her lap.

"May I go and play now, Aunt Polly?"

"What, already? How much have you done?"

"It's all done."

"Tom, don't lie to me," said his aunt.

"I'm not. It *is* done. Come and see for yourself," said Tom, smiling.

Aunt Polly could not believe that the work had been finished. She went out with Tom to see for herself, thinking that not more than half of the fence could have been done in so short a time. She was surprised to find that the fence had not only been finished, but had also been whitewashed three times.

"Well, I'm surprised! You *can* work when you want to, Tom," said Aunt Polly. "But it's too bad you don't want to work very often. Well, go along and play; but mind you, come back sometime in a week, or I'll tan you."

She was so pleased with Tom that she took him into the kitchen and gave him a nice red apple for having worked so hard. But when she was not looking, Tom took another, put it into his pocket, and dashed out of the house.

In the yard he saw Sid going up the outside stairway. Tom picked up a handful of dirt and sent it flying at his brother. Then he was over the fence before Aunt Polly could forget her surprise and come to help Sid. Tom felt better, now that he had settled with the boy for telling about the black thread and getting him into trouble.

As Tom was passing by the house where Jeff Thatcher lived, he saw a new girl in the garden. She was a lovely little blue-eyed creature with golden hair, and she wore a pretty blue summer dress that matched her eyes. Tom's heart went out to her at once. He forget all about Amy Lawrence whom he had thought he loved. It had taken months to win Amy. Only a week ago she had told him that she liked him. He had been the happiest boy in the world for that week, and here in a minute of time she had gone out of his heart like a stranger.

Tom looked at the beautiful girl until he knew that she had discovered him. Then he pretended he did not know that she was near and began to show off in all sorts of boyish ways. He kept up this foolishness for some time; but by and by he glanced aside and saw that the girl was walking toward the house. Tom ran to the fence and watched her, hoping that she would stay out awhile longer. She stopped a moment on the steps and then moved toward the door. Tom's heart grew sad as she reached for the handle. But his face brightened at once, for she tossed a flower over the fence before she disappeared.

Tom ran around and stopped not far from the flower. He looked up and down the street to see if anyone was watching. Then he picked up a straw and tried to balance it on the end of his nose. As he did this, he kept moving nearer and nearer the flower. At last his bare foot rested upon it, his toes closed upon it, and he hopped away with his treasure. When he was out of sight and around the corner, he opened his shirt and placed the flower next to his heart—or next to his stomach, maybe.

Tom's spirits were so high during supper that he tried to steal sugar under Aunt Polly's very nose. Of course she caught him in the act and hit his fingers.

"Aunt, you don't hit Sid when he takes a piece."

"Well, Sid isn't as bad as you are. You would always be taking sugar if I didn't stop you."

When the old lady left the room, however, Sid reached for the sugar bowl. But his fingers slipped, and the dish dropped and broke into a hundred pieces. Tom was very happy now. He said to himself that he would not say a word until his aunt asked who had broken the bowl. Then he would tell on Sid and watch the model boy "catch it."

When Aunt Polly came back, Tom could hardly wait to have her ask who had caused the damage. But before he knew what had happened, Tom found himself on the floor. Aunt Polly was ready to strike him again, when he cried, "Sid did it, Aunt Polly!"

Aunt Polly stopped and looked at Tom in surprise. She said, "Well, you didn't get beat for nothing. You're always up to some trouble."

Tom wondered what Aunt Polly would do if he were sick and nearly dead. Ah, how would she feel then? If he were brought home from the river, dead, what would she say? Oh, how her tears would flow, how she would pray to God to give back her boy!

He sat there thinking until his cousin, Mary, came in. She was full of joy at being home after a long one-week visit in the country. And as she brought songs and sunshine in one door, Tom moved in clouds and darkness out the other. Before long he was down by the lonely black river, where he saw a log raft near the shore. With a jump he was on the raft and looking down into the dark water. He wished that he could be drowned without all the trouble that goes along with such a happening. Just then he thought of the

flower in his shirt. He got it out and looked at it. He wondered if the new girl would feel sorry for him if *she* knew. Would she cry and wish that she could put her arms around him? Or would she turn coldly away like the rest of the world? Tom sat down on the raft and thought about the new girl for a long time. At last he got up and started for home.

It was about ten o'clock when he passed the new girl's house, and he stopped to look at it. The glow of a candle could be seen in one of the upper rooms. He climbed the fence and walked over to the house; he stopped under the lighted window and looked up; he held the flower to his heart with both hands. So would he die—out in the cold world, with no one to love him. *She* would see him there, dead, when she looked out the next morning. Would she cry over him then?

The window went up now, and a maid threw a pailful of water down on poor Tom, soaking him from head to foot.

The wet hero jumped away from the window, surprised. He turned and ran, leaped over the fence, and dashed away home.

CHAPTER IV

Showing Off in Sunday School

Sunday was another beautiful day. The sun beamed down upon the peaceful village like a blessing. After breakfast and family prayer Tom began to learn his Sunday-school verses—the shortest verses he could find. Half an hour later he knew a little of the lesson, but not well. He did not study hard, for it was more fun to play with things in his pocket. Now Cousin Mary took his book to hear his lesson.

"Blessed are the—a—a—"

"Poor—" helped Mary.

"Yes—poor. Blessed are the poor—a—a—"

"In spirit—" said Mary.

"In spirit. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they —they—they—"

"Theirs—" again Mary helped.

"For theirs— Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they—they—"

"Sh—"

"For they—a—a—"

"S, H, A—"

"For they S, H— Oh, I don't know what it is!" cried Tom.

"Shall!" said Mary.

"Oh, *shall!* For they shall—a—a—for they shall —a—shall mourn—a—blessed are they that shall— a—a—shall what? Why don't you tell me, Mary? Why do you want to be so mean?"

"Oh, Tom, you poor thick-headed thing. I'm not trying to be mean. I wouldn't do that. You must go and learn it again. If you learn it, I'll give you something ever so nice. There now, that's a good boy."

"All right! What is it, Mary? Tell me what it is."

"Never you mind, Tom. You know if I say it's nice, it *is* nice."

"That's so, Mary. All right, I'll try it again."

Tom did try it again—and he worked so hard that he learned the verses. Then Mary gave him a brand-new knife that was worth fifteen cents. Tom was overjoyed, for nothing could have pleased him more. He tried it out on a table—and he was about to try it out on a chair, when he was called away to dress for Sunday school.

Mary gave him a pan of water and a piece of soap. Taking these outside the door, he placed them on a little bench there. Then he wet the soap in the water but didn't use it. He turned up his sleeves, quietly poured out the water on the grass, went into the house, and immediately began to wipe his face. But Mary pulled the towel from him and said, "Why, Tom! Ain't you ashamed? Water won't hurt you."

Tom was surprised—and the pan was filled again. This time he stood over the pan a little while, took a deep breath, and began washing. Soon he went in with both eyes shut, feeling for the towel with wet hands. Soap and water were dripping from his face, but when he finished drying, he was not yet all clean. There was a line showing where the soap and water

had not touched his skin. This line ran from the ears to the chin, and below and back of it his neck was as dark as garden soil.

Mary now took him in hand. She washed him clean and fixed his hair. His short curls were set to look their best. (Tom wet the curls and flattened them later, telling himself, "Only girls have curls.") Then Mary got out a suit of his clothes that had been used only on Sundays for the past two years. After he had dressed himself, she brushed him off, buttoned his coat, and helped him on with his straw hat. Now he looked nice. But Tom felt uncomfortable and unhappy. He did not like to be clean and wear whole clothes. He hoped that Mary would forget his shoes, but this hope was lost. When Mary came in with the pair of shoes, they were shined and looked almost like new. This was too much to bear. Tom cried out, "I won't wear them! I won't wear them!"

"Please, Tom. Put them on. That's a good boy."

So Tom got into the shoes, roaring. Mary and Sid were soon ready, and they all started out for Sunday school—a place that Tom hated with all his heart. But Sid and Mary liked it.

Sunday-school hours were from nine to half-past ten. Church services started as soon as Sunday school was over. Since they enjoyed the services, Sid and Mary stayed, and Tom remained, too—for stronger reasons. This morning he stopped at the door to watch the people come in to Sunday school. Soon he spoke to a friend, "Say, Bill, got a yellow ticket?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take for it?"

"What'll you give me?" asked Bill.

"Piece of candy and a fishhook."

Bill took them and gave Tom his yellow ticket. A little later Tom traded two marbles for three red tickets. He stopped other boys and went on trading odd things for more tickets of many colors.

Then Tom entered the church with a lot of clean and noisy boys and girls. He went to his seat and immediately started talking with the first boy who came near him. The teacher stopped their noise, then turned his back a moment, and Tom pulled the hair of the boy who sat in front of him. Needless to say, Tom was busy looking at his book when the boy turned around.

Tom's whole class was noisy and restless. Not one of the children knew his verses well, and all had to be helped by the teacher. However, each one was given a ticket. A blue ticket was pay for learning two verses. Ten blue tickets were worth one red ticket. Ten red tickets equaled a yellow ticket. For ten yellow tickets or their equal in other colored tickets, the teacher gave a new Bible. (The Bible was worth forty cents.) To get a Bible meant the learning of two thousand verses. Mary had earned two Bibles in this way—it had taken her two years of hard work—and one boy had earned four or five Bibles. He had once spoken three thousand verses without stopping but had never been the same afterwards.

Only the older children managed to keep their tickets and work for the Bibles. It was a great event in the Sunday school when one of these prizes was given away. This grand occasion made all the children want to work for a Bible—and they often did work with fire in their hearts for as much as two weeks. Tom had never felt like *working* for this prize, but he had often thought he would like to have the glory of *getting* one.

The teacher, a tall, thin man, stood before the class, ready to speak. He held his book in one hand with a finger between the pages, as do most Sunday-school teachers. He began somewhat like this, "Now, children, I want you all to sit up as straight as you can and listen. There—that's it. That is the way good little boys and girls should do. I see one little girl who is looking out of the window. I am afraid she thinks I am out there in a tree, talking to the birds. I want to tell you how good it makes me feel to see so many bright little faces here." And so he talked on.

His speech was not very interesting to the children. Toward the end there was much noise; boys were talking and fighting; even Sid and Mary began to talk to each other. But the teacher's voice stopped at last, though Tom had lost hope of its doing so.

Much of the talking had started when strangers had come in, for it was not often that people visited Sunday school. Mr. Thatcher had entered with a fine-looking old gentleman. And behind them had come a middle-aged man and a lady leading a beautiful girl. Tom had sat up straight and looked at the girl. His heart had missed a beat. It was *she* who

had tossed the flower the day before. The next moment he had begun to show off his very best—pulling hair and making faces. He had done everything a boy could do to make a girl notice him.

The visitors had been given the highest seats of honor. And as soon as the speech was finished, the teacher told the class who the guests were. The middle-aged man turned out to be an important person. He was a county judge. No child in the class had ever before seen such a great man. Now every eye was fixed upon him, because each pupil wondered what material he was made of and how he would act. He was from a town twelve miles away—so he had traveled and seen the world. Mr. Thatcher was the judge's brother. The old man was the judge's father. The lady and the beautiful girl were the judge's wife and daughter.

While everybody was looking at the strangers, Jeff Thatcher left his seat with the boys and went up to the visitors. Now Jeff was the hero of the hour. He would have been pleased to hear what the boys were saying, "Look at him! Say, look—he's shaking hands with the judge. Don't you wish you was Jeff?"

Now everybody wanted to be noticed by the visitors. The teacher showed off by giving orders here, there, and everywhere. The librarian showed off by running from one place to another with his arms full of books. The young ladies showed off—bending sweetly over pupils and lifting pretty, warning fingers at bad little boys. The young gentlemen showed off, and the little girls showed off. The little boys showed off so much that the air was filled with paper wads. And up on his seat of honor the judge smiled and warmed himself in the sun of his own greatness—for he was showing off, too.

One thing only was needed to make the teacher's happiness complete, and that was a chance to give away a new Bible. He knew that several pupils had a few yellow tickets, but he did not think that anybody had enough for this special prize. To make sure, he called for order and said, "I wonder if any of my fine pupils has enough tickets for a nice, new Bible this morning."

Eyes looked around for a few moments. Would anybody have enough to get a Bible today? Soon Tom Sawyer stood up and went to the front of the church. He said, "I have nine yellow tickets, nine red tickets, and ten blue ones. Is that enough for a Bible?"

The pupils were no more surprised than the teacher. He had not expected this boy to earn a Bible for at least ten years. But there was no getting around it—here were the tickets. The teacher counted them, and then Tom was given a seat of honor near the great judge.

"Friends," said the teacher, "I am very happy to tell you that another of our bright pupils has earned a beautiful Bible. As you know, this is no small honor. It has taken many months of hard work to learn two

thousand verses from the Good Book. We should all feel proud of this boy. It now gives me great pleasure to present this Bible to one who has so well earned it." The teacher then went over to Tom and gave him the Bible.

The pupils could not get over their surprise—Tom Sawyer had won a Bible! Now the Sunday school had two wonders to look upon in place of one. Most of the boys would have given anything to trade places with Tom. But those who suffered most knew that they themselves had helped him toward this glory. They wished now, too late, that they had not traded their own hard-earned tickets to him.

Amy Lawrence was proud and glad. She tried to make Tom see it in her face. But Tom would not look. She could not understand this. Then she was a little worried. Next a troubling thought came and went—came again. She watched and saw Tom smile into the girl's eyes. At this, Amy was heartbroken and tears came to her eyes; she hated Tom.

The judge put his hand on Tom's head and called him a fine little man. Then he asked him what his name was. Tom could hardly talk because of the

awful greatness of the man, and because he was *her* father. At last he said, "Tom."

"Oh, no, not Tom," said the judge. "It is—"

"Thomas."

"Ah, that's it. I thought there was more to it. But you have another name. Won't you tell it to me?" asked the judge.

"Tell the gentleman your other name, Thomas," said the teacher, "and say *sir*. You mustn't forget your manners."

"Thomas Sawyer, sir," said Tom.

"That's fine. That's a good boy—fine young man. Two thousand verses is a great many—yes, a very great many verses to learn. And you'll never be sorry for all the trouble you took to learn them. Men become great when they learn things. You'll be a great and good man yourself some day, Thomas. Then you'll look back and say, 'All my success is due to the precious Sunday-school training I received when I was just a boy—due to my dear teachers who taught me how to learn—it's all due to right bringing-up.' Those verses you have learned will be worth more than money to you then, Thomas—you wouldn't

take any money for those two thousand verses—no indeed you wouldn't. And now, Thomas, you know the names of the twelve followers of our Lord. Won't you tell us the names of the first two?" asked the judge.

Tom was surprised. He looked at the floor and pulled at a button on his coat. The teacher's heart fell within him. He said to himself, "Why doesn't the boy speak? Can't he answer such an easy question? Oh, why did the judge ask him?" Then he spoke up, "Answer the gentleman, Thomas, don't be afraid."

Tom still did not answer.

"Now I know you'll tell *me*," said the lady. "The names of the first two followers were—"

"David and the giant!" said Tom.

CHAPTER V

A Bug in Church

About half-past ten the church bell began to ring, and people came for the morning services. The Sunday-school children left their seats and went to their parents. When Aunt Polly came, Tom, Sid, and Mary sat with her. Tom's seat was near the aisle so that he might be as far from the open window as possible. Here he sat and watched the people as they came in and found their seats.

When all the people were seated, the bell was sounded again to let slow persons outside know that the service was about to begin. Then the preacher read a song. His voice started low and rose higher and higher until it suddenly dropped low again

and started up once more. The women all thought he was a good reader. At church parties he always read some verses, and the ladies would sigh as if to say, "It is too beautiful, *too* beautiful for this earth."

After all the people had sung together, the minister prayed. A good, long prayer it was, asking blessings for people Tom had never heard of. On and on it went.

In the middle of the prayer a fly lighted on the seat in front of Tom. It troubled him by calmly rubbing its hands together, putting its arms around its head, shining it so much that it seemed ready to drop off. Then, continuing with its dressing, the fly began rubbing its wings with its back legs. It was smoothing them to its body as if they were coattails. This fly went through this whole dressing business as peacefully as though it knew it was perfectly safe. And it was safe; for although Tom wanted to catch it, he did not dare. He had been told that it was very bad to do such a thing during prayer. However, with the last words his hand moved slowly forward and carefully made its capture. Aunt Polly saw the act and made Tom let the fly go.

Then the preacher began to preach, but the words did not mean much to Tom. Soon he noticed others who were growing tired. Their heads began to nod as sleep came on. Tom counted the pages as the preacher turned them over. After church Tom always knew how many pages had been read, but he never remembered what had been said.

Now Tom thought of a box he had in his pocket. He pulled out the box, opened it, and looked at the treasure, a pinch bug, which at that moment was creeping around its prison. Tom put his hand down to touch the bug. It took hold of his finger and bit. Tom threw the bug into the aisle and put his finger into his mouth. Meanwhile the bug lay on its back, moving its legs and trying to turn over. Tom wished that he could get it again, but it was too far away. Soon a little dog wandered down the aisle and saw the bug. He walked around it and looked. Then he went a little nearer and smelled. He took a closer smell. He opened his mouth and tried to catch the bug, but missed. Then he played with it and rolled it around for a while. Soon he tried again to catch the bug. But this time it bit his lip, and he let out a cry.

Many people had been sitting with their eyes on the bug and the dog, and now they smiled. Tom was entirely happy.

The dog did not give up, but went back to the bug. He jumped at it. He bit at it. He tried again and again to catch it, but always failed. At last he wandered off to catch a fly and follow an ant around. He grew tired of this, sighed, forgot the bug entirely, and sat down on it. Then there was a wild cry as he ran up the aisle. He dashed across the front of the church and down the aisle near the wall. He cried out at every third or fourth jump. Around the church he

flew again with all eyes upon him. By this time the preacher had stopped talking, and all the people were laughing. At last the dog ran to his master and jumped into his lap. The man threw the dog out of the window, and the noise quickly died in the distance.

After that the preacher went on with the preaching, but this was hard to do now, for people were still thinking about the dog. They looked at the preacher, but heard not a word.

Tom went home from church, happy and cheerful. He did not mind church when something interesting happened. Only one thing troubled him. The dog had run off with his bug.

CHAPTER VI

Late for School

Monday morning found Tom Sawyer unhappy. Monday morning always found him feeling that way—it was the beginning of another slow week of school.

Tom lay in bed, thinking. Soon he wished that he were sick; then he could stay home from school. He began to think of things that might be wrong with him, but no trouble could be found. He thought again and smiled—one of his upper front teeth was loose. He was about to begin to groan, when a new thought came to him. If he told Aunt Polly about the tooth, she would pull it out, and that would hurt. So he decided to find something else that was wrong.

After a while he remembered hearing a doctor tell about a boy who had had a sore finger. This finger had grown worse and worse. At one time they had feared that the boy might lose his finger. It had got better after two or three weeks, but the boy had been forced to stay at home all that time.

Tom eagerly drew his sore toe from under the sheets and looked at it. But now he was not sure that his toe was like the other boy's finger. However, he decided to chance it and so began to groan.

But Sid went on sleeping.

Tom groaned louder. He thought that he could begin to feel the pain in his toe.

Sid did not wake up.

Tom groaned on, louder and louder. Soon he grew tired and stopped for a rest. Then he swelled himself up and started with more deep groans.

Still no action from Sid.

Tom did not like this at all. He cried, "Sid, Sid!" and shook him.

Then Tom began to groan again. Sid opened his eyes, stretched, and sat up and looked at Tom. Tom went on groaning.

"Tom! Say, Tom!" (There was no answer.) "Here, Tom! Tom! What's the matter, Tom?" said Sid as he shook him.

"Oh, don't, Sid. Don't shake me," groaned Tom.

"Why, what's the matter, Tom? I must call Aunt Polly," cried Sid.

"No, never mind. It'll be over by and by, maybe. Don't call anybody."

"But I must! *Don't* groan so, Tom. It's awful. How long have you been this way?"

"Hours. Oh, oh! Oh, don't move so, Sid. You'll kill me."

"Tom, why didn't you wake me sooner? Oh, Tom, *don't*. It gives me the creeps to hear you. Tom, what *is* the matter?"

"I forgive you everything, Sid." (Groan from Tom.) "I forgive everything you've ever done to me. When I'm gone—"

"Oh, Tom, you ain't dying, are you? Don't, Tom. Oh, don't. Maybe—"

"I forgive everybody, Sid," groaned Tom. "Tell them so, Sid. And, Sid, you give my cat with one eye to the new girl that came to town and tell her—"

But Sid had jumped into his clothes and gone. Tom had pretended so well that he could really feel pain now, and his groans sounded real.

Sid flew downstairs and cried, "Oh, Aunt Polly, come! Tom is dying!"

"Dying!"

"Yes. Don't wait! Come quick!"

"Why, Sid, I don't believe it!"

But she hurried upstairs, with Sid and Mary at her heels. And her face grew white, too. When she reached the bedside, she cried out, "You, Tom! Tom, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, I'm—"

"What's the matter—what *is* the matter, child?"

"Oh, Aunt Polly, my sore toe's all dead."

The old lady dropped down into a chair. She laughed a little and then cried a little. Soon she did both together. When she felt better, she said, "Tom, what a turn you did give me. Now you shut up that noise and climb out of bed."

The groans stopped, and the pains left the sore toe. Tom felt a little foolish, and he said, "It seemed dead. And it hurt so much I didn't mind my tooth at all."

"Your tooth! What's the matter with your tooth?" asked the old lady.

"One of them's loose. And it hurts awful."

"There, there, now—don't begin that groaning again. Open your mouth. Well, your tooth *is* loose. But you're not going to die about that. Mary, get me a silk thread and some hot coals out of the kitchen."

"Oh, *please*, Aunt Polly, don't pull it out. It don't hurt any more. I wish I may never stir if it does. Please don't, Aunt Polly. I don't want to stay home from school," cried Tom.

"Oh, you don't, don't you? So all this row was because you thought you could stay home from school and go fishing. Tom, Tom, I love you so. And you always seem to try to break my poor old heart."

By this time the silk thread and coals were ready. The old lady tied one end of the thread to the tooth and the other end to the bedpost. Then she seized the coals and suddenly pushed them toward Tom's face. The tooth hung at the end of the thread now.

As Tom walked to school after breakfast, he found that he could spit in a new way by forcing the spit through the opening left by the loose tooth. Now

his friends followed him around to see this fancy way of spitting, and each boy wished that he could do this new trick.

By and by Tom met his old friend, Huckleberry Finn, son of the town drunkard. There was not a mother in the village who liked Huck. They hated him because he was lazy and common and bad—and because their own children admired him. Most of the boys wished that they could be like Huck. In this way Tom was like the rest of the boys; he admired Huck, yet was not allowed to play with him. But he played with him every time he got a chance. Huck was always dressed in the castoff clothes of grown men. These clothes were always dirty and had many holes. His hat was an old thing with part of the brim cut away. His coat, when he had it on, hung nearly to his heels. His pants were held up by one strip of leather, and the seat hung low and loose. The legs dragged in the dirt when not rolled up.

Huckleberry came and went at his own free will. He used to sleep on doorsteps in fine weather and in an empty barrel when it rained. He did not have to go to school or church. No one told him what he

could or could not do. He went fishing or swimming whenever he chose and stayed as long as he liked. Nobody told him not to fight or stay up late at night. He was the first to go barefoot in the spring and the last to wear shoes in the fall. He never had to wash or put on clean clothes. Huck had everything that goes to make life happy—so thought the rest of the boys in St. Petersburg.

"Hello, Huck," cried Tom.

"Hello, yourself, and see how you like it."

"What's that you got?" asked Tom.

"A dead cat."

"Let me see him, Huck. My, he's stiff. Where did you get him?"

"Bought him from a boy."

"What did you give?" asked Tom.

"I gave a blue ticket and a cow's tail."

"Where did you get the blue ticket?"

"Bought it from Ben Rogers two weeks ago for a kite line," said Huck.

"Say, what's a dead cat good for, Huck?"

"Good for? You can cure warts with them."

"No! Is that so? I know something that's better."

"Oh, you do, do you! What is it?"

"Why, spunk water," answered Tom.

"Spunk water! I wouldn't give a pin for that."

"Did you ever try it?"

"No, I ain't. But Bob Tanner did," said Huck.

"Who told you so?"

"Why, he told Jeff Thatcher, and Jeff told John Baker, and John told Jim Hollis, and Jim told Ben Rogers, and Ben told a Negro, and the Negro told me. There now," said Huck.

"Well, what of it? But you tell me how Bob Tanner done it, anyways, Huck."

"Why, he put his hand in a stump where the rain water was," said Huck.

"In the daytime?"

"Yes."

"With his face to the stump?"

"Yes, I guess so," said Huck.

"Did he say anything?"

"I don't think he did. But I ain't sure."

"Well! Talk about trying to cure warts with spunk water in such a blame-fool way as that! Why, that ain't going to do any good. You got to go alone

to the middle of the woods where you know there's a spunk-water stump. And just at midnight you back up against the stump and jam your hand in and say:

> 'Barleycorn, barleycorn, Injun meal shorts,
> Spunk water, spunk water, get these warts.'

Then you walk away quick. You walk ten steps with your eyes shut. And then you turn around three times and walk home without speaking to anybody."

"Well, that sounds like a good way. But that ain't the way Bob Tanner done," replied Huck.

"No, sir, he sure didn't, because he's got more warts than any boy in this town. He wouldn't have a wart on him if he knew how to work spunk water. I've took off thousands of warts that way, Huck. Why, I'm always getting warts. Sometimes I take them off with a bean."

"Yes, a bean's good. I've done that," said Huck.

"Have you? What's your way?"

"First you take and cut the bean in two pieces. Then you cut the wart so as to get some blood. And then you put some blood on one piece of the bean

and bury it in a hole at midnight in the dark of the moon. Then you burn up the rest of the bean. You see, that piece that's got the blood on it will keep drawing and drawing, trying to get the other piece of the bean back. So that helps the blood to draw the wart, and pretty soon off she comes."

"Yes, that's it, Huck. Only when you bury it, you say, 'Down bean; off wart; come no more to trouble me!' That's better. That's the way Joe Harper does it. But say—how do you cure them with dead cats?" asked Tom.

"Why, you take the cat and get in a graveyard along about midnight, when somebody that was bad has been buried. And when it's midnight, a devil will come, or maybe two or three, but you can't see them. You can only hear something like the wind, or maybe you can hear them talk. And when they're taking that bad fellow away, you throw the cat after them and say, 'Devil follow bad man, cat follow devil, warts follow cat. I'm done with you.' That will take *any* wart," said Huck.

"That sounds good. Did you ever try it, Huck?"

"No, but old Mother Hopkins told me."

"Well, I guess it's so then. They say she's a witch,"[1] said Tom.

"*Say!* Why, Tom, I *know* she is. She witched my pop. Pop says so himself. He was walking along one day, and he sees her following him and witching him, and he threw a rock at her. And if she hadn't jumped, it would have got her. Well, that very night he rolled off a shed where he was laying and broke his arm," said Huck.

"Why, that's awful. How did he know she was witching him?"

"Oh, my pop can tell witches easy. He says when they look you straight in the eye, they're witching you. It's sure enough if they're talking low to themselves. Because when they talk low, they're saying the Lord's Prayer backward."

"Say, Huck, when are you going to try the cat?" asked Tom.

"Tonight. I guess they'll come after old Hoss Williams tonight," said Huck.

"But they buried him Saturday. Didn't they get him Saturday night?"

[1] *witch,* woman who was supposed to have secret power.

"Why, how you talk! How could their charms work till midnight? And *then* it's Sunday. Devils don't come around much on a Sunday."

"I never thought of that. That's so. Let me go with you, Huck," said Tom.

"Of course—if you ain't afraid."

"Afraid! Who? Me? Will you meow like a cat by my bedroom window when you're ready?"

"Yes, and you meow back if you get a chance. Last time you kept me meowing around till old Hayes threw rocks at me. And he cried, 'Get out of here, you devil!' So I threw a brick through his window—but don't you tell," said Huck.

"I won't. I couldn't meow that night. Aunt Polly was watching me. But I'll meow this time. Say—what's that?" asked Tom.

"Nothing but a bug."

"What kind of a bug?"

"It's a wood tick," said Huck.

"Where did you get him?"

"Out in the woods."

"What'll you take for him?" asked Tom.

"I don't know. I don't want to sell him."

"All right. It's a mighty small tick, anyways."

"It's a good enough tick for me."

"Well, there are ticks enough. I could have a thousand of them if I wanted to," said Tom.

"Well, why don't you? Because you know mighty well you can't. This is a pretty early tick, I guess. It's the first one I've seen this year."

"Say, Huck—I'll give you my tooth for him."

"Let's see it," said Huck.

Tom got out a piece of paper and showed the tooth to his friend.

"Is it real?" asked Huck.

Tom lifted his lip and pointed to the place where the tooth had been.

"Well, all right," said Huck. "It's a trade."

Tom put the tick into a little box that he had in his pocket, and the boys parted, each feeling richer than before.

When Tom reached the little schoolhouse, he walked in quickly, as if he had hurried at a fast pace all the way from home. The other children were busy at their studies, and the schoolmaster, sitting in his big chair, was nearly asleep. He sat up, though, as

Tom threw himself into a seat, and in a loud voice said, "Thomas Sawyer."

Tom knew that when his name was said in full, trouble was ahead.

"Sir?" said Tom.

"Come up here. Now, sir, why are you late again?" asked the schoolmaster.

Tom was about to tell a lie, but he noticed that the blue-eyed beauty was next to the *only empty seat* on the girls' side of the schoolhouse. Then he said, "I stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn!"

All the pupils looked up. Had Tom lost his mind? Why did he say that? Didn't he know that the schoolmaster would beat him and make him sit with the girls for giving such a poor reason?

"You did *what?*" cried the master.

"Stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn."

There was no mistaking the words.

"Thomas Sawyer, this has gone too far. Take off your coat."

The master's arm beat Tom until it was tired. Then the order followed. "Now, sir, go and sit with the girls. And let this be a lesson to you."

As Tom took his seat by the new girl, she moved away from him with a toss of her head. Smiles and whispers went around the room as other children laughed, but Tom sat quietly, with his arms upon the desk, and seemed to read his book.

By and by the room was still again, and everyone studied. Soon Tom began to look at the girl. She made a face at him and turned away for about a minute. When she slowly faced him again, an apple lay before her. She pushed it away. Tom gently put it back again. She pushed it away once more—but not so far. Again Tom returned it to its place. Then she let it stay. Tom wrote on his slate,[2] "Please take it. I got more." The girl looked at the slate but did not take the apple. Now the boy began to draw something on the slate, hiding his work with one hand. For a time the girl did not look, but then she tried to see what he was drawing. The boy worked on as if he did not notice her.

"Let me see it," she whispered.

Tom showed his picture of a house with smoke

[2] *slate*, small blackboard that was used in doing schoolwork, just as paper is used today.

curling from the roof. The girl watched him finish the drawing and forgot everything else. When it was complete, she whispered, "It's nice. Make a man."

Tom drew a man that was twice as big as the house.

"It's a beautiful man. Now make me coming along," whispered the girl.

Tom drew a full moon with straw arms and legs. One hand was holding a fan.

"That's ever so nice. I wish I could draw," said the girl.

"It's easy," whispered Tom, "I'll teach you."

"Oh, will you? When?" asked the girl.

"At noon. Do you go home to dinner?"

"I'll stay if you will," smiled the girl.

"Good—that's a go. What's your name?

"Becky Thatcher. What's yours? Oh, I know. It's Thomas Sawyer," said the girl.

"That's the name they lick me by. I'm called Tom when I'm good. You call me Tom, will you?"

"Yes," said Becky.

Now Tom began to write something on the slate, hiding the words from the girl. She begged to see.

"Oh, it ain't anything," said Tom.

"Yes, it is," said Becky.

"No, it ain't. You don't want to see it."

"Yes, I do. Please let me see."

"You'll tell," said Tom.

"No, I won't."

"You won't tell anybody at all? Ever as long as you live?" asked Tom.

"No, I won't ever tell anybody. Now let me see."

"Oh, *you* don't want to see!" said Tom.

"Now that you treat me so, I *will* see." And she pulled his arm so she could clear the slate. Tom did not really want to cover the writing, and soon Becky saw these words: "I LOVE YOU."

"Oh, you bad thing!" And she hit his hand a quick blow with hers.

Just at this moment Tom felt a big hand closing in

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under his ears. He felt himself being raised slowly to his feet. In that hand he was pushed across the floor to his own seat, while the whole school laughed. The schoolmaster stood over him for a few awful moments and then went to his armchair without saying a word. But although Tom's ears hurt, his heart was very gay.

As the school quieted down, Tom tried hard to study. But something within him would not let him work. He lost his place in reading, missed most of his spelling words, and forgot his history.

CHAPTER VII

Tom Runs Ticks and Becomes Engaged

The harder Tom tried to study, the more his mind wandered. At last he gave up trying. It seemed to him that noon would never come. This was one of those hot, sleepy days with not a breath of air stirring. Through the window Tom could see the far-off hills and a few birds floating high in the air. The only other living things in sight were some cows, and they were asleep. Tom's heart longed to be free or else to do something to pass the time away. His hand went into his pocket, and there, much to his joy, was the box with the wood tick. He put the tick on his desk. When the bug moved, Tom stuck it with a pin and made it turn around.

Tom's best friend, Joe Harper, sat next to him. He, too, was restless and wanted something to do. Soon Joe took a pin and started to help Tom move the tick. After a while Tom said that they were in each other's way. So he put Joe's slate on the desk and drew a line down the middle.

"Now," said Tom, "as long as he is on my side of the line, you let him alone. But if I let him get away and get on your side, I'll let him alone. Each one can keep him as long as he don't cross the line."

"All right, go ahead. Start him up," said Joe.

Tom kept the tick for some time. At last it got over on Joe's side. Joe played with it for a while, and then it crossed the line again. So the tick went back and forth between the two boys. At last it could not get away from Joe. It tried this, that, and the other direction and got as excited as the boys themselves. But time and time again Joe would head it off and keep it on his side. Tom was getting restless. At last he could stand it no longer. He stuck his pin toward the tick on Joe's side of the slate. Joe did not like this. Said he, "Tom, you let him alone."

"I just want to stir him up a little."

"No, sir, it ain't fair. You just let him alone."

"Well, I ain't going to stir him much."

"Let him alone, I tell you."

"I won't," cried Tom.

"You shall—he's on my side of the line."

"Look here, Joe Harper, whose is that tick?" asked Tom.

"I don't care whose tick he is—he's on my side of the line," said Joe.

A hand came down on Tom's back, and another on Joe's. For two minutes the dust flew from the boys' coats, and the other children laughed. The boys had not noticed the schoolmaster coming to their seats.

When school let out at noon, Tom flew to Becky Thatcher and whispered in her ear, "Put on your hat and pretend you're going home. And when you get to the corner, turn around and come back. I'll go the other way and do the same thing."

So Becky went off with a group of girls, and Tom went another way with some boys. In a little while the two met in the schoolroom. They sat down, and Tom gave Becky the pencil and helped her draw an-

other house. When they grew tired of drawing, they began to talk. Tom had never been so happy. He said, "Do you love rats?"

"No! I hate them!"

"Well, I do too — *live* ones. But I mean dead ones, to swing round your head with a string," said Tom.

"No, I don't care much for rats, anyway. What I like is candy," said the girl.

"Oh, I should say so. I wish I had some now."

"Do you? I've got some. I'll let you have a bite of it, but you must give the rest back to me," said Becky.

Tom agreed. So they sat together, eating the candy.

"Were you ever at a circus?" asked Tom.

"Yes, and my father is going to take me again sometime if I'm good," said Becky.

"I been to a circus three or four times. Church ain't anything to a circus. I'm going to be a clown in a circus when I grow up."

"Oh, are you? That will be nice. They're so lovely, all spotted up."

"Yes, that's so. And they get lots of money — almost a dollar a day, Ben Rogers says. Say, Becky, were you ever engaged?"

"What's that?"

"Why, engaged to be married," explained Tom.

"No."

"Would you like to be?" asked Tom.

"I suppose so. I don't know. What is it like?"

"Like? Why, it ain't like anything. You only tell a boy you won't ever have anybody but him, ever, ever, *ever*, and then you kiss and that's all. Anybody can do it," said Tom.

"Kiss? What do you kiss for?"

"Why, that, you know, is—well, they always do."

"Everybody?"

"Why, yes, everybody that's in love with each other. Do you remember what I wrote on the slate?"

"Ye—yes."

"What was it?"

"I won't tell you."

"Shall I tell *you?*" asked Tom.

"Ye—yes, but some other time."

"No, now."

"No, not now—tomorrow."

"Oh, no, *now*. Please, Becky—I'll whisper it. I'll whisper it ever so easy," said Tom.

Since Becky did not say anything, Tom decided that he could tell her. He put his arm around her and whispered the words softly, with his mouth close to her ear.

"Now you whisper it to me—just the same," added Tom.

Becky did not want to do it at first, but then she said, "You turn your face away so you can't see, and then I will. But you must not ever tell anybody—*will* you, Tom? Now, you won't, *will* you?"

"No, indeed I won't. Now, Becky."

He turned his face away. She bent around until her face was close to his and whispered softly, "I—love—you."

Then she jumped away and ran round and round the desks, with Tom after her. She ran to a corner at last and held her little white handkerchief to her face. Tom put his arm around her neck and said, "Now, Becky, it's all done—all over but the kiss. Don't you be afraid of that—it ain't anything at all. Please, Becky." And he gently pulled at the handkerchief and her hands. By and by she gave up and let her hands drop. Her face came up to his. Tom kissed the

red lips and declared, "Now it's all done, Becky. And always after this, you know, you ain't ever to love anybody but me. And you ain't ever to marry anybody but me, never, never, and *forever*. Will you?"

"No, I'll never love anybody but you, Tom. And I'll never marry anybody but you. And *you* ain't to marry anybody but me, either."

"Of course not. That's part of it. And always coming to school or when we're going home, you're to walk with me, when there ain't anybody looking. And you choose me, and I choose you at parties, because that's the way you do when you're engaged," said Tom.

"It's so nice. I never heard of it before."

"Oh, it's ever so nice! Why, me and Amy Lawrence—"

Becky's black eyes told him that he had said too much, and he stopped, troubled.

"Oh, Tom! Then I'm not the first girl you've been engaged to!"

The child began to cry.

"Oh, don't cry, Becky. I don't care for her any more," said Tom.

"Yes, you do, Tom. You know you do."

Tom tried to put his arm around her neck, but she pushed him away and turned her face to the wall. She went on crying. Tom tried again, but again he was pushed away. Then his pride was up, and he walked across the room and out-of-doors. He stood about for a while, looking at the door now and then, hoping that she would come to find him. But she did not. Then he began to feel bad and think that he had been wrong. It was hard for him to do, but he went inside to make things right. She was still standing in the far corner, crying, with her face to the wall. Tom felt very sorry. He went to her and stood a moment, not knowing what to say. Then he spoke slowly, "Becky, I—I don't care for anybody else but you."

The girl said nothing.

"Becky," he cried. "Please say something."

More sobs.

Tom pulled a brass ball out of his pocket. This ball he liked better than any of his other things. He passed it around her so that she could see it and said, "Please, Becky, won't you take it?"

She hit it to the floor. Then Tom went out of the room and over the hills and far away. Soon Becky ran to the door; Tom was not to be seen; she flew around to the playground; he was not there. She called, "Tom! Come back, Tom!"

She waited, but there was no answer. All was quiet. So she sat down to cry again and blame herself. By this time other children were beginning to come back to school. Now she must hide her sorrow and broken heart the rest of the day, for she had no friends with whom she could share her troubles.

CHAPTER VIII

Playing Robin Hood

Tom ran quickly from one street to another, trying to keep away from children who were going back to their classes. Soon his pace grew slower, for he was getting out into the country. He crossed a small stream two or three times so that it would be more difficult for people to follow him. Half an hour later he was on top of Cardiff Hill, from where he could hardly see the schoolhouse away off in the valley. He went into a deep forest, which had no paths, and picked his way to the center. Here, where everything was quiet and still, he sat down on some grass under a large oak tree. In the heart of the forest there was not even a gentle wind stirring, and

the dead heat had silenced the songs of birds. Tom's sadness seemed to fit this quiet place.

He sat thinking for a long time, with his face in his hands. It seemed to him that life was only trouble, at best. He half wished he were Jimmy Hodges. Jimmy had died a short time ago and was now buried. Tom thought it would be nice to lie and sleep and dream, forever and ever. If he were buried, he could hear the wind whispering through the trees and blowing gently over the grass and flowers above his grave. Then nothing could trouble him any more. If he only had a clean Sunday-school record, he would be willing to go and be done with it all. Now as to this girl. What had he done? Nothing. He had meant the best in the world, and he had been treated like a dog— like a very dog. She would be sorry some day—maybe when it was too late. Ah, if he could only die for a short time.

Soon he had another idea. What if he didn't go home again, ever? What if he went away—ever so far away to countries across the sea—and never came back any more! How would she feel then! The thought of being a clown in a circus came to him

again. But no, he didn't like the clothes they wore. He would be a soldier and come back after long years of fighting. Better still—he would join the Indians and hunt wild animals and go on the warpath in the far West. After many years he could come back a great chief, covered with feathers and ugly paint. Then some nice summer morning he could burst into Sunday school with a war cry, and all his friends would wish that they were Indians, too. But no, there was something better than this. He would be a pirate!

That was it! He would be a pirate who would rob ships on the sea. How boldly he would go sailing the dancing waters in his long, black racer, the *Spirit of the Storm!* Then after becoming famous, he would suddenly return to the old village and walk right into the old church. He would be brown and weather-beaten. His belt would be filled with guns and knives. He would have his black flag with its frightful crossbones. Everybody would whisper, "It's Tom Sawyer, the Pirate!"

Yes—it was settled. He would be a pirate. He would run away from home and begin. He would start the very next morning. Therefore he must now

begin to get ready. He would collect his things. Tom went to a dead log and began to dig under one end of it with his knife. He soon struck wood that sounded hollow. He put his hand into the hole and said, "What hasn't come here, come! What's here, stay here!"

Then he pulled out a box and opened it. In it lay a marble. Tom, surprised, rubbed his head and said, "Well, that beats anything!"

He tossed his marble away and stood thinking. The trick had failed, when he and all his young friends had thought that it could not fail. First you had to bury a marble, say certain words over it, and leave it alone for two weeks. Then all the marbles you had ever lost would gather near it and be claimed the next time you opened the place and spoke those words. He had heard of many a boy getting his marbles back, but he had never heard that the trick had failed. He thought over the matter for some time and finally decided that some witch had broken the charm. Determining to find out about that, he looked until he found a certain kind of hole in the ground. Then he laid himself down with his mouth to the hole and

called, "Doodlebug, doodlebug, tell me what I want to know! Doodlebug, doodlebug, tell me what I want to know!"

Soon the sand moved, and a small, black bug came up for a second and then rushed down in fright.

"He can't tell! So it *was* a witch that done it. I knew it."

Tom knew that he could not fight witches, so he started to look for the marble that he had tossed away. Just then the sound of a toy horn came faintly from the other side of the forest. Tom immediately took off his coat and pants and put his belt around his shirt. He brushed away some branches behind the dead log and seized a bow and arrow, an old hat, a wooden sword, and a toy horn. With these in his hands he bounded gaily through the forest, his shirt-tail flying.

He soon stopped under a great tree, made a noise with his horn, and began to walk very softly and look carefully around, this way and that. Then pretending he had a large army of men behind him, he ordered in a low voice, "Hold, my merry men! Keep hid till I blow."

Now Joe Harper could be seen through the trees. He was dressed like Tom and had a bow and arrow, a wooden sword, and a toy horn.

"Hold. Who comes here into Sherwood Forest[1] without my pass?" cried Tom.

"Guy of Gisborne wants no man's pass. Who art thou that—that—"

"Dares to hold such talk," helped Tom.

"Who art thou that dares to hold such talk?"

"I! I am Robin Hood, as you soon shall know," said Tom.

"Then thou art indeed the famous outlaw? Gladly will I battle with thee for the passes of the merry woods. Get thee ready!" cried Joe.

They took their wooden swords and dropped their other things on the ground. Then they faced each other, ready to do battle, and Tom said, "Now, if you've got the hang, go it lively."

[1] *Sherwood Forest,* according to old English stories, the forest where the gay outlaw leader, Robin Hood, and his followers lived many years before Tom was born. They robbed the rich and helped the poor. When alone in the forest one day, Robin Hood came upon Guy of Gisborne, a strange outlaw who had been sent to kill him. They fought even more fiercely than Tom and Joe, who were "playing Robin Hood" this warm afternoon.

So they "went it lively" with all their mights. It was hard work.

By and by Tom shouted, "Fall! Fall! Why don't you fall?"

"I won't. Why don't you fall yourself? You're getting the worst of it," cried Joe.

"Why, that ain't anything. *I* can't fall. That ain't the way it is in the book. The book says, 'Then with one backhanded stroke he slew poor Guy of Gisborne.' You should turn around and let me hit you in the back," said Tom.

There was no getting around the book, so Joe turned and was hit. Then he fell.

"Now," said Joe, getting up, "you've got to let me kill you. That's fair."

"Why, I can't do that. It ain't in the book."

"Well, it ain't right, that's all."

"Well, say, Joe, you can be the miller's son and hit me with the pole. Or I'll be the Sheriff of Nottingham, and you can be Robin Hood and kill me." The last idea was agreeable, so they carried it out.

Then Tom became Robin Hood again, in the death scene, and Joe, pretending to be a whole band of weeping outlaws, put a bow into his weak hands. Said Tom, "Where this arrow falls, there bury poor Robin Hood under the greenwood tree." Then he shot the arrow and dropped toward the ground. He would have died, but he lighted on a sharp branch and jumped up too swiftly to be really dead.

The boys dressed and hid their fighting things. Then they went off, sorry that there were no outlaws any more. They said that they would rather be outlaws for a year in Sherwood Forest than President of the United States forever.

CHAPTER IX

Midnight in the Graveyard

Tom and Sid were sent to bed at half-past nine that night as usual. They said their prayers, and soon afterwards Sid was asleep. But Tom lay awake and waited for a long time. When it seemed to him that it was nearly daylight, he heard the clock strike ten! This waiting was hard to bear. He wanted to roll around in bed but was afraid that he might wake Sid. So he lay still and looked into the dark. Everything was very quiet. By and by, out of the stillness, little soft noises were heard. The ticking of a clock began to bring itself to notice. A sound came from the old stairs—the spirits must be walking. Now he heard Aunt Polly talking in her sleep. Next

the howl of a far-off dog rose in the night air and was answered by another howl still farther off. Tom could not lie quietly. If time would only fly! Soon he fell asleep—and when the clock struck eleven, he did not hear it.

In his dreams Tom heard the meow of a cat. And then came the sound of a window being raised and the cry, "Get out of here—you devil!" Tom was awake now and heard the crash of an empty bottle hitting the woodshed. In a minute he was up, had his clothes on, and was out of the window. He moved slowly along the roof outside his room and meowed twice. Then he jumped to the roof of the shed and from there to the ground. Huck Finn was waiting with his dead cat. The boys moved off and disappeared in the dark. At the end of half an hour they were walking through the tall grass of a graveyard.

A light wind was blowing through the trees, and Tom feared that it might be the spirits of the dead. The boys talked very little and in a whisper, for the time and the place and the silence frightened them. Soon they found the fresh grave and hid behind some great oak trees that grew nearby.

There they stood and waited in silence for a long time. The hoot of an owl was the only sound that troubled the dead stillness. Tom began to shake. He must do some talking. "Huck, do you think the dead people like for us to be here?"

"I wish I *knew*," whispered Huck. "It's awful dark, ain't it?"

"I'll say it is."

All was quiet again. Both the boys were thinking.

"Say, Huck, do you think Hoss Williams hears us?"

"Of course he does. At least his spirit does."

"I wish I'd said *Mister* Williams. But I never meant any harm. Everybody calls him Hoss," said Tom.

"A body can't be too careful how he talks about these here dead people, Tom."

This stopped the talking for a while. Then Tom seized Huck's arm and said, "Sh!"

"What is it, Tom?" The two boys stood there with hearts beating faster and faster.

"Sh! There it is again! Didn't you hear it?"

"Tom, they're coming! They're coming, sure. What'll we do?"

"I don't know. Do you think they'll see us?"

"Oh, Tom, they can see in the dark, same as cats. I wish I hadn't come," said Huck.

"Oh, don't be afraid. We ain't doing any harm. If we keep very still, maybe they won't notice us at all."

"I'll try, Tom, but I'm sure shaking."

"Listen!"

The boys put their heads together and hardly breathed. The sound of voices came from the far end of the graveyard.

"Look! See there!" whispered Tom. "What is it?"

"It's devil fire! Oh, Tom, this is awful!"

Some tall figures came through the darkness, swinging a lantern that dotted the ground with bright bits of light.

"It's the devils, sure enough. Three of them! Tom, we're gone! Can you pray?"

"I'll try, but don't be afraid. They ain't going to hurt us. Now I lay me down to sleep, I—"

"Sh!"

"What is it, Huck?"

"They're *people!* One of them is, anyway. One of them is old Muff Potter's voice."

"No, it ain't—is it?"

"I'll say it is. Don't you stir or move. *He* ain't going to notice us. He's drunk, the same as usual."

"All right, I'll keep still. I would say they're looking around for Hoss Williams' grave, too. They can't find it. Here they come again. Now they're hot. Cold again. Hot again. Red hot! Say, Huck, I know another of those voices. It's Injun Joe."

"That's so—the killer who's half Indian! I would rather they was devils. What can they be up to?"

The boys were quiet now, for the three men had reached Hoss Williams' grave. The dark figures stood within a few feet of the boys' hiding place.

"Here it is," said the third voice. As this speaker held up the light, the boys could see the face of young Dr. Robinson.

Potter and Injun Joe were carrying a long box with two shovels and a rope in it. They dropped their load and began to dig into the grave. The doctor put the lantern at the head of the grave and then sat down with his shoulder against one of the oak trees. He was so close that the boys could have touched him.

"Hurry, men!" he said in a low voice. "The moon might come out at any time."

They answered as they kept on digging. For some time there was no noise but the sound of sand on shovels. Finally, with a dull sound, a shovel struck the coffin, and in a short time the men had pulled it out on the grass. They broke off the top with their shovels, took out the body, and dumped it on the ground. Just then the moon came out from behind the clouds and shone upon the pale face of the dead man. The box was brought over, and the body was placed in it and covered with a cloth. The body and cloth were then tied in place with a rope. Potter took out a large knife and cut off the ends of the rope. Then he said, "Now the thing's ready, Sawbones, and you'll pay us five dollars, or here it stays."

"That's right," said Injun Joe.

"Look here, what does this mean?" said the doctor. "I paid you before you started out."

"Yes, and you done more than that," said Injun Joe as he went over to the doctor, who was now standing. "Five years ago you drove me away from your father's kitchen one night, when I come to ask for something to eat. And you said I wasn't there for any good. And when I said I would get even with

you if it took a hundred years, your father had me put in the lockup. Did you think I would forget? And now I've *got* you, and you've got to *pay*."

He had his fist in the doctor's face by this time. The doctor struck him suddenly and sent him to the ground. Potter dropped his knife and cried, "Here now, don't hit my pal!" and the next moment he began fighting with the doctor. They fought with all their might, tearing the ground with their heels. Injun Joe jumped to his feet with fire in his eyes. He picked up Potter's knife and moved slowly around the two fighting men, looking for a chance to strike. All at once the doctor freed himself. He seized a heavy board from the grave and knocked Potter to the earth with it. At that moment Injun Joe saw his chance. He leaped at the doctor and drove the knife into his breast. The young man tried to keep on

standing but fell partly on Potter, flooding him with blood. In the same moment the moon went behind a black cloud, and the two frightened boys ran off into the darkness.

When the moon came out again, Injun Joe was standing over the two men. The doctor groaned a few times and was still.

"Well, *that* score is settled," said the Indian.

He then took the things that were in the doctor's pockets. After doing this, he put the bloody knife into Potter's open right hand and sat down on the coffin. Three, four, five minutes passed. Potter began to stir and groan. His hand closed upon the knife. He raised it and looked at it. Then he let it fall with a cry. He sat up, pushing the body from him, and looked at it and then all around him. His eyes met Joe's.

"What happened, Joe?" he cried.

"It's a bad business," said Joe without moving. "What did you do it for?"

"I! I never done it!"

"Look here! That kind of talk won't do."

Potter trembled and grew white. At last he said, "I didn't think I was drunk. I had no business to

drink tonight. But it's in my head yet—worse than when we started here. I'm all mixed up—can't remember anything about it, hardly. Tell me, Joe—*honest* now, old fellow, did I do it? Joe, I never meant to—upon my soul and honor, I never meant to, Joe. Tell me how it was, Joe. Oh, it's awful—and he was so young and good."

"Why, you two was fighting. And he hit you with that board, and you fell flat. And then up you come with the knife and struck him just as he hit you another awful blow that put you out. And here you've laid on the ground, as dead as a log till now," said Joe.

"Oh, I didn't know what I was doing. I wish I may die this minute if I did. It was all on account of my drinking, I guess. I never used a knife on anybody in my life before, Joe. I've fought, but never with a knife. They'll all say that. Joe, don't tell! Say you won't tell, Joe—that's a good fellow. I always liked you, Joe, and stood up for you, too. Don't you remember? You *won't* tell, *will* you, Joe?" And the poor man dropped to his knees and begged with his arms out to the killer.

"No, you've always been fair and square with me, Potter, and I won't tell on you. There now, that's as fair as a man can say," said Injun Joe.

"Oh, Joe, you're an angel. I'll bless you for this the longest day I live." And Potter began to cry.

"Come now, that's enough of that. This ain't any time for crying. You be off that way, and I'll go this. Move now, and don't leave any tracks behind you."

Potter started off and was soon running. The Indian stood looking after him. He thought, "If that blow made him know as little about this as he seemed to know, he won't think of the knife till he's gone far—and then he'll be afraid to come back by himself—chicken-heart!"

Two or three minutes later the dead man, the coffin, and the open grave were seen by nobody but the moon. All was quiet again.

CHAPTER X

Deep and Dark and Awful

The two boys, nearly frightened to death, flew on and on toward the village. They looked back over their shoulders from time to time as if they were afraid of being followed. Every stump in their path looked like a man and an enemy and made them catch their breath. As they ran by some lonely dark buildings near the edge of the village, the loud barking of the watchdogs seemed to make them run even faster.

"If we can only get to the old tannery [1] before we break down!" whispered Tom in short breaths. "I can't stand it much longer."

[1] *tannery*, place where the skins of animals are made into leather.

Huck was too tired to reply. The boys fixed their eyes on the old tannery and kept running. They got nearer and nearer. At last they burst through the open door and fell to the floor in the darkness. By and by they were able to talk, and Tom asked, "Huckleberry, what do you think will come of this?"

"If Dr. Robinson dies, I think hanging will come of it."

"Do you, Huck?"

"Why, I *know* it, Tom."

Tom thought awhile. Then he said, "Who will tell? We?"

"What are you talking about? Suppose something happened, and Indian Joe *didn't* hang? Why, he would kill us some time or other, just as dead sure as we're laying here."

"That's just what I was thinking to myself, Huck."

"If anybody tells, let Muff Potter do it—if he's fool enough. He's usually drunk enough."

Tom said nothing, but went on thinking. Finally he said, "Huck, Muff Potter don't *know* it. How can he tell?"

"Why don't he know it, Tom?"

"Because he just got hit with the board when Injun Joe done it. Do you think he could see anything after that? Do you think he could know anything about what happened?"

"That's right, Tom."

"And besides, maybe that hit on the head put him out," said Tom.

"No, it ain't likely, Tom. He'd been drinking—I could see that. Well, when my pop's full of drink, you might take and hit him with a church, and it wouldn't hurt him any. He says so himself. So it's the same with Muff Potter, of course. But if a man ain't been drinking, I think maybe that hit might knock him out; I don't know."

"Huck, can you keep quiet about this?"

"Tom we *got* to keep quiet about it. *You* know that. That Injun devil wouldn't think any more of drowning us than a couple of cats if we was to tell and they didn't hang him. Now look here, Tom, let's swear to each other—that's what we got to do—swear to keep quiet."

"It's all right with me. Would you just hold hands and swear that we—"

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do for this. That's good enough for little things—like girls. *They* go back on you, anyway, and tell if they get sore. But there ought to be writing about this—and blood."

Tom thought this was a good idea. It was deep, and dark, and awful. Then, too, the hour was late, and everything that had happened was bloody. He picked up a board that lay in the moonlight, took a piece of red chalk out of his pocket, and got the moonlight on his work. Then he wrote these lines, making each letter with slow, careful strokes:

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swears they will keep quiet about this and they wish they may drop down dead in their tracks if they ever tell.

Huck watched Tom closely and admired his ease in writing and use of fine words. Then he took a pin from his coat and was going to prick his finger so that he could get some blood.

"Hold on! Don't do that. A pin is brass. It might make you die," cried Tom. He took a needle out of his hat and stuck it into his own finger. He squeezed the blood out, one drop at a time. After many squeezes he finally signed his name, using his little finger for a pen. Then he showed Huck how to write his name. They buried the board near the wall where they could find it again without too much trouble.

A form moved quietly through a break in the other end of the tannery now, but they did not notice it.

"Tom," whispered Huck, "does this keep us from *ever* telling—*always?*"

"Of course it does. It don't make any difference what happens; we've got to keep quiet about this. We would drop down dead—don't *you* know that?" said Tom.

"Yes, I guess that's so."

They kept on whispering for some time. Soon a dog started to howl just outside—within ten feet of them. The boys threw their arms around each other in fear.

"Which of us does he mean?" asked Huck.

"I don't know. Look through a crack. Quick!"

"No, *you*, Tom."

"I can't—I can't *do* it, Huck."

"Please, Tom. There it is again."

"Oh, Lord, I'm thankful," whispered Tom. "I know his voice. It's Harbison's dog."

"Oh, that's good—I tell you, Tom, I was mighty fearful. I thought sure it was a *lost* dog."

The dog howled again. The boys' hearts fell once more.

"Oh, my! That ain't their dog! *Do* look, Tom."

Tom, shaking with fear, put his eye to the crack. He was hardly able to whisper when he said, "Oh, Huck, it *is* a lost dog!"

"Quick, Tom! Who does he mean will die?"

"Huck, he must mean us both."

"Oh, Tom, I guess we're gone. And there ain't no mistake about where I'll go when I die. I been so bad."

"Well, this is what comes of staying out of school and doing everything a fellow is told *not* to do. I might have been good like Sid if I tried—but no, I wouldn't, of course. But if ever I get off now, I'll just *live* in Sunday schools." And tears came to his eyes.

"*You* bad!" and Huck began to wipe tears from his eyes, too. "You're as good as pie beside *me*. Oh, lordy, lordy, I wish I only had half your chance."

"Look, Huck, look! His *back* is to us!"

Huck looked with joy in his heart. And then he said, "Well, he has at that. Did he before?"

"Yes, he did. But I, like a fool, never thought. Oh, this is good. *Now* who can he mean?"

The howling stopped. Tom heard something else. "Sh! What's that?" he whispered.

"Sounds like pigs. No—it's someone snoring."

"That *is* it. Where is it, Huck?"

"I think it's down at the other end—sounds so, anyway. Pop used to sleep there sometimes, along with the pigs. But he just *lifts* things when *he* snores. Besides, I guess he ain't coming back to this town."

The boys were feeling better again. Tom asked, "Huck, will you come if I lead?"

"I don't like to, much. Suppose it's Injun Joe!"

This was not a happy idea. But soon the boys agreed to try. They were to run away if the snoring stopped. They moved up carefully, one behind the other. When they were within five feet of the snorer, Tom stepped on a stick, and it broke with a sharp noise. The man groaned and moved his head into the moonlight. It was Muff Potter. The boys' hearts had stood still, and their hopes, too, when the man moved. But their fears passed away now. They moved slowly out over the broken boards and stopped to say a few words before going toward home. That long howl rose in the night air again. They turned and saw the strange dog standing a few feet from where Potter was lying. The dog was *facing* Potter, with his nose pointing toward heaven.

"Oh, it's Potter!" cried both boys at once.

"Say, Tom, they say a lost dog came howling around John Miller's house at midnight about two weeks ago—and there ain't anybody dead there yet."

"Well, I know that. And suppose there ain't. Didn't Grace Miller fall in the kitchen fire and burn herself terrible the very next Saturday?" said Tom.

"Yes, but she ain't *dead*. And what's more, she's getting better, too," said Huck.

"All right, you wait and see. She'll die, and so will Muff Potter. That's what the Negroes say, and they know all about these kind of things, Huck."

Then they parted. When Tom entered the house through his bedroom window, the night was nearly over. He undressed carefully and fell asleep thinking how fortunate he was that nobody had seen him come in so late. He did not know that Sid was awake and had been so for an hour.

When Tom opened his eyes the next morning, Sid was dressed and gone. It seemed to be late in the morning. Why had he not been called as usual? Something must be wrong. Within five minutes he was dressed and downstairs, feeling sore and sleepy. Aunt Polly and Sid were at the table, eating breakfast, and both of them fixed their eyes upon him as he walked into the room. Tom sat down and tried to seem gay, but it was hard work. Nobody spoke or even smiled, and his heart fell within him.

After breakfast his aunt took him into the next room. He felt better when he thought that he was

going to be whipped, but it was not to be so. His aunt cried over him and asked him how he could keep on breaking her old heart as he did. Finally she told him to go on and spoil himself and send her with sorrow to her grave, for it was no use for her to try any more. This was worse than a thousand whippings. Tom's heart was now more sore than his body. He cried and asked his aunt to forgive him. He promised over and over again to be good. But he went away feeling that he had not won true forgiveness.

Tom left the house, too sorry to feel hateful toward Sid for telling. He walked slowly and sadly to school and took his whipping for staying away the day before. The whipping was nothing to him now, for he had deeper troubles in his heart. Tom took his seat, rested his chin in his hands, and looked at the wall but did not see it, because his troubles kept him busy. Soon his arm touched something hard. After a long time he slowly picked it up. It was wrapped in paper. He unrolled it. A long, deep sigh followed, and his heart broke. It was his brass ball!

Tom now had other things to think about.

CHAPTER XI

Sold to the Devil

Near the hour of noon the whole village was talking about the news of the graveyard killing. The tale flew from man to man and from house to house, though there was no telephone in that day. Of course the schoolmaster let out school for the afternoon. The town would have thought him strange if he had not.

A knife covered with blood had been found near the body of the doctor. Someone had noticed that the knife belonged to Muff Potter. It was also said that a man from town had seen Muff Potter washing himself in the brook about two o'clock in the morning. Muff had run quietly away when he had finished.

This did not look good for Potter, for he was not used to washing. It was also said that the town had been searched carefully for this "killer" but that he could not be found. Men on horses had started down the roads in every direction, and the sheriff was sure that Potter would be found before night.

All the town started toward the graveyard. Tom's heart beat fast, but he went with the others. Although he would rather have been anywhere else, an awful desire to see what would happen drew him on. At the graveyard he slowly pushed his way through the crowd and saw the body. It seemed to him years since he had been there before. Somebody touched his arm. He turned, and his eyes met Huck's. Then both looked away at once and wondered if anybody had noticed their glances. But everyone was talking.

"Poor fellow!" "This ought to be a lesson to grave robbers!" "Muff Potter will hang for this if they catch him!" This was what people were saying.

Now Tom began to shake from head to foot as his eyes fell upon the face of Injun Joe. At this moment the crowd began to push, and voices shouted, "It's him! It's him! He's coming himself!"

"Who? Who?" came from the other voices.

"Oh, he's stopped! Look out—he's turning! Don't let him get away!"

People in the tree branches over Tom's head said that Potter wasn't trying to escape—he only looked frightened and troubled.

"What do you think of that?" said another. "Wanted to come and take a quiet look at his work, I guess—didn't expect to find people here."

The crowd fell apart now, and the sheriff came through, leading Potter by the arm. The poor fellow's face was pale, and his eyes showed the fear that was upon him. When he stood before the dead man, Potter shook like a bush in a high wind. He put his hands to his face and burst into tears.

"I didn't do it, friends," he cried. "Upon my word and honor I never done it."

"Who said you did?" shouted a voice.

That seemed to quiet Potter. He lifted his face and looked around him with sad eyes. He saw Injun Joe and cried, "Oh, Injun Joe, you promised me—"

"Is that your knife?" asked the sheriff as he held it before the sad-eyed man.

Potter would have fallen if they had not caught him and helped him to the ground.

Then he said, "Something told me that if I didn't come back and get—" He shook. Then he waved his hand and said, "Tell them, Joe. Tell them. It's no use any more."

Huck and Tom stood still and listened to Injun Joe. He told the same story that he had told to Muff Potter the night before. Tom and Huck knew that

the story was not true. They wondered why God did not strike him down for telling such lies. They wanted to break in and tell the truth to save Potter, but thought that they had better wait. When Injun Joe had finished his story and still nothing had struck him down, the boys were afraid. Joe must have sold himself to the Devil. It would be foolish to speak against one who was owned by such a power.

"Why didn't you leave? What did you want to come here for?" somebody asked Muff Potter.

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't help it," Potter cried. "I wanted to run away, but I couldn't seem to come anywhere but here." And he burst into tears once again.

The sheriff then made Injun Joe swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Joe stood over the body of the doctor and told his story just as calmly as before. Again the boys heard the lies, and again they expected Joe to be punished. Since nothing happened to this lying man, the boys were sure that he had sold himself to the Devil. He now became the most interesting person they had ever seen, and they could not take their eyes from his face.

They both decided that they would watch Joe every night. In this way they might see his master, the Devil.

Injun Joe helped put the dead man into a wagon that was to carry the body back to town. And it was whispered through the crowd that blood came out of the wound. More than one person said, "It was within three feet of Muff Potter when it done it."

Tom's secret troubled his sleep for as much as a week after this.

At breakfast one morning Sid said, "Tom, you toss around and talk in your sleep so much that you keep me awake half the time."

Tom became pale and dropped his eyes.

"It's a bad sign," said Aunt Polly. "What have you got on your mind, Tom?"

"Nothing. Nothing that I know of." But the boy's hands shook so much that he couldn't drink any of his coffee.

"And you do talk such stuff," said Sid. "Last night you said, 'It's blood, that's what it is!' You said that over and over. And you said, 'Don't hurt me so, I'll tell!' Tell *what?* What is it you'll tell?"

Tom's head began to swim. There is no telling what might have happened if Aunt Polly had not come to him and said, "It must be that awful killing. I dream about it almost every night myself. Sometimes I dream that I did it."

Mary also said that she had had such dreams, so Sid seemed satisfied. Tom got out of the house as quickly as possible. For a week after that he said that he had a sore tooth and tied up his mouth with a cloth every night. He never knew that Sid took off the cloth and listened for a long time, hoping to hear him talk. Tom's fright became less as time went on, and the sore tooth was no longer necessary. If Sid had learned anything while Tom was asleep, he kept it to himself.

Every day or two Tom went to the jail window and gave Muff Potter the few things he had been able to obtain. Muff was glad to get them, and this made Tom feel better.

The people of the village wanted to tar and feather Injun Joe for robbing graves, but they could not find anybody who would be their leader, so the idea was dropped at last.

CHAPTER XII

The Cat Takes the Painkiller

Tom had not thought much about the killing lately, because he had found something else to think about. Becky Thatcher had stopped coming to school. Tom had tried not to think about her for a few days, but this was of no use. He began to find himself hanging around her house every night and feeling troubled. She was ill. What if she should die? This thought was not a happy one. Tom no longer took an interest in war, nor even in pirates. The happiness of life was gone; there was nothing but sadness left. He put his kite and ball away; there was no joy in them any more. His aunt was troubled. She began to give him all kinds of medicine. She was

one of those people who read "health" books, and she knew of many things to try.

Lately she had read of a water cure that she was sure would help Tom. She took him out to the woodshed early every morning and nearly drowned him with cold water. Then she rubbed him down with a towel, rolled him in a wet sheet, and put him into a warm bed.

Still Tom did not improve. He grew more and more sad and pale. She added hot baths and shower baths. The boy was still as sad as ever. Then she began to fill him with corn meal and more medicine.

By and by Tom did not mind all this attention, for he no longer cared what happened to him. This made Aunt Polly uneasy. Something must be done about this immediately. Now she heard of Painkiller for the first time. She ordered a lot of this medicine at once. She tasted it and was well pleased. It had as much heat as fire. She stopped the water treatment and everything else and put all her trust in Painkiller. She gave Tom a spoonful and watched. Her mind was soon at rest and her soul at peace, for Tom was full of life again. The boy could not

have shown more interest in life if she had built a fire under him. He jumped and yelled and carried on as the medicine burned within him.

Tom felt that it was time to wake up—this business had gone too far. He thought over a few plans that seemed interesting and then picked one that he decided to carry out.

He made Aunt Polly think that he liked Painkiller. He asked for it so often that his aunt finally told him to help himself. Then she secretly watched the bottle to find out if any of the medicine was being used. Imagine her surprise when she learned that the bottle held less each day. She did not know that Tom was pouring the medicine into a crack in the floor.

One day Tom was in the act of pouring the Painkiller when the big yellow cat came along. The animal looked and looked at the teaspoon, begging for a taste.

"Don't ask for it unless you want it, Peter," said Tom quietly.

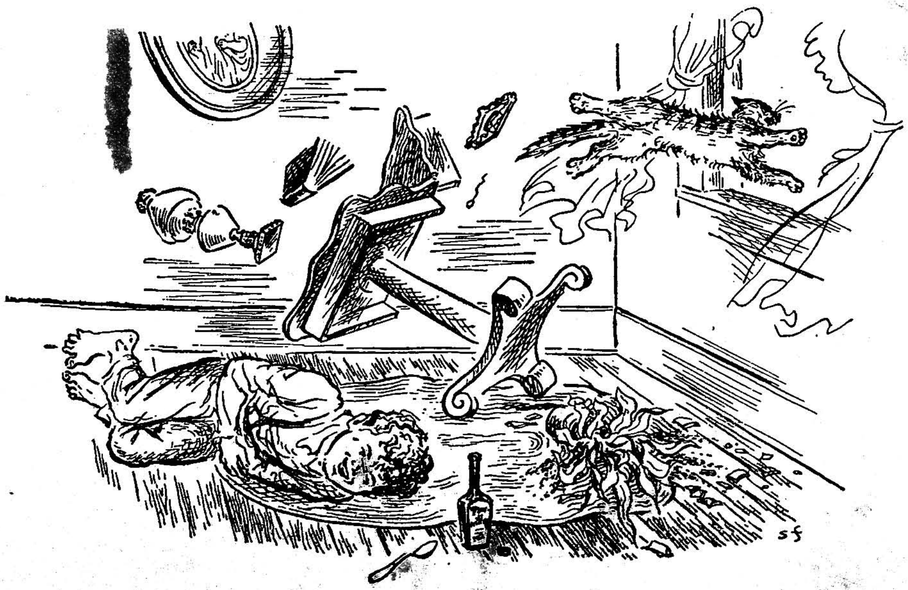
But Peter still acted as if he wanted it.

"You better make sure."

Peter was sure.

"Now you've asked for it, and I'll give it to you. There ain't anything mean about *me*, but if you find you don't like it, you've got yourself to blame."

So Tom opened the cat's mouth and fed him the Painkiller. Peter jumped into the air, let out a terrible cry, and started running round and round the room. He ran into chairs and upset flowerpots. Soon he stopped and rose on his rear legs. He let out another cry and started tearing around the room again. Aunt Polly entered in time to see him leap into the air, give a mighty shout, and jump through the window. The old lady stopped in the middle of the room and looked over her glasses at Tom. He was lying on the floor, laughing with all his heart.



"Tom, what on earth is the matter with that cat?"

"*I* don't know, Aunt," laughed Tom.

"Why, I've never seen anything like it in all my life. What made him act so?"

"I don't know, Aunt Polly. Cats always act so when they're having a good time."

"They do, do they?" said the old lady crossly.

"Yes, Aunt. That is, I believe they do," said Tom.

"You *do?*"

"Yes, Aunt."

The old lady was bending down. She saw the spoon under the bed and pulled it out. Before Tom could get away, she raised him by the ear and cracked his head with the spoon.

"Now, why did you treat that poor cat so?"

"I done it out of pity for him. He hasn't any aunt to take care of him."

"Hasn't any aunt! What has that got to do with all this?"

"Heaps. If he had an aunt, she would have burned him out herself. She would have roasted his insides out of him without any more feeling than if he was a boy," said Tom.

Aunt Polly then felt sorry. She hadn't thought of the medicine in that way before; what was bad for a cat might also be bad for a boy. She began to soften. Her eyes watered a little, and she put her hand on Tom's head and said gently, "I meant it for the best when I gave you the medicine, Tom. And it *did* do you good."

Tom looked up into her face, "I know you was meaning for the best, Aunt, and so was I with Peter. It done *him* good, too. He hasn't moved so since—"

"Oh, go along with you, Tom, before I get angry. And try and see if you can't be a good boy for once. You won't have to take any more medicine."

Tom reached school ahead of time. It was noticed that this strange thing had been happening for many days. He did not play with his friends but stood at the gate of the schoolyard, looking up and down the street. He was sick, he said. He looked it, too. Soon Jeff Thatcher came in sight, and Tom's face lightened. Without really asking about Becky, he tried to get Jeff to say something about her. But Jeff did not understand what Tom wanted and said nothing to satisfy the boy.

Tom watched and watched, hoping to see Becky whenever a dress came in sight. But at last the running skirts appeared no more, and his heart grew heavy. He went into the empty schoolhouse and sat down to suffer. Then one more skirt passed through the gate, and Tom's heart jumped for joy. He ran outdoors again and cut up like an Indian. He yelled, laughed, jumped over fences, and chased boys around the schoolground. He did all his tricks so that Becky would see him. But she seemed not to notice them at all. Could it be possible that she did not know he was there? Tom went closer, and jumped, and pushed, and carried on more than he had before. Then as he pushed some boys, he fell at Becky's feet, nearly pushing her over. She turned, with her nose in the air, and said, "Some people think they're so good—always showing off!"

Tom's cheeks grew red. He picked himself up and went quietly away, heartbroken.

CHAPTER XIII

The Black Heart of the Spanish Main

Tom's mind was made up now. He was sad and lonely. He felt friendless. He said that nobody loved him. When people found what they had driven him to do, perhaps they would be sorry. He had tried to do right and get along, but they would not let him. Since they didn't want him around, he would go. Yes, they had forced him to do it at last: he would lead the life of a wanderer. There was no choice.

By this time he was far down Meadow Road and could just hear the school bell faintly ringing. He cried now, because he would never, never hear that well-known sound any more. It was hard to do, but

since he was driven out into the cold world, he had to go. But he forgave them all, and then the tears came thick and fast.

Just at this point he met his best friend, Joe Harper—hard-eyed and with a dark purpose in his heart. Tom wiped his eyes and cried out something about getting away from people who did not like him. Through his tears he declared that he was going to leave home and go out into the great world never to return. He ended the outburst by hoping that Joe would not forget him.

Now it happened that this was just what Joe had wanted to tell Tom. With that idea in mind he had come to hunt for his friend. Joe's mother had whipped him for drinking some cream that he had never tasted and knew nothing about. It was plain that she was tired of him and wished him to go. If she felt that way, there was nothing for him to do but leave. He hoped she would never be sorry for having driven her poor boy out into the world to suffer and die.

As the two boys walked along, they agreed to stand by each other and be brothers. They would stick together until death. Then they began to lay

their plans. Joe wanted to live like a hermit,[1] but after listening to Tom, he decided to be a pirate and lead a dangerous life.

Three miles below St. Petersburg, where the Mississippi River was about a mile wide, there was a long, narrow island with many trees. It lay out near the farther shore, which was also covered with a deep forest. No people lived upon the island, so this bit of land was chosen as the hide-out.

Next the boys hunted for Huck Finn, who joined them quickly when he heard the plans, for he was always ready for anything. They parted soon after promising to meet at the favorite hour, midnight, in a lonely spot on the riverbank about two miles above the village. They knew that a small log raft was there, and they meant to take it. Each boy would bring hooks, lines, and such food as he could get from home in the most secret way.

Before the afternoon was over, they had enjoyed the sweet glory of spreading the news that pretty soon the town would "hear something." All who got this news were asked to "be quiet and wait."

[1] *hermit*, person who goes away from other people and lives alone.

About midnight Tom appeared with a piece of cooked meat and a few other things. He stopped in some thick bushes near the raft. It was starlight and very still. The mighty river lay like an ocean at rest. Tom listened, but no sound could be heard. Then he gave a low, clear whistle. It was answered from near the river. Tom whistled twice more.

"Who goes there?" came a low voice.

"Tom Sawyer, the Black Heart of the Spanish Main. Who are you?"

"Huck Finn, the Red-Handed, and Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas."

" 'Tis well. Give the sign," said Tom.

Two whispers gave out the awful word, "*Blood!*"

Then Tom found his way over to the other boys. The Terror of the Seas had brought a side of bacon and was nearly worn out after getting it to the meeting place. Finn, the Red-Handed, had taken a pan and some tobacco. He also had brought a few corncobs with which to make pipes, though none of the other pirates used tobacco. The Black Heart of the Spanish Main said that it would not be right to start without some sort of fire. That was a wise thought,

for matches were hardly known in that day. Seeing a fire burning a few hundred yards up the shore, they moved slowly forward and helped themselves to a burning log. They made this act seem very dangerous, saying "Hist" every now and then, suddenly stopping with finger on lips, ordering that if the enemy came, to "Let them have it." At last they placed the log with other things on the raft and pushed away from the shore, with Tom in charge. Huck pulled with an oar at the back, and Joe pulled at the front. Tom stood in the middle, with arms folded, and ordered quietly, "Bring her to the wind."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the boys.

"Steady, steady-y-y-y!"

"Steady it is, sir."

"Let her go off a point!" whispered Tom.

"Point it is, sir."

The boys were pushing toward the middle of the river. They understood that the orders were given for "style" and were the kind that seamen used.

The raft drew out beyond the middle of the river, and the boys headed down with the stream and worked their oars. The river was not high, so they

did not go fast. Hardly a word was said during the next hour. Now the raft was passing the town. Two or three lights showed where the village lay peacefully asleep. The Black Heart stood still with folded arms, "looking his last" upon the place where he had once been happy but where he had lately been so sad. He wished that "she" (Becky) could see him now, on a wild sea, going out to face death with a smile upon his lips. The other pirates were looking their last, too. And they all looked so long that the river nearly carried them away from the island. But they discovered the danger in time and turned the raft toward their hide-out. About two o'clock in

the morning the raft struck sand near the island, and the boys carried their things to the shore. On the raft was part of an old sail, and they spread this over some bushes as a tent for their food. But the boys themselves would sleep in the open air, as real pirates did.

They built a fire at the side of a great log that was a few steps from the dark, deep forest. Then they cooked some bacon in the pan for supper and used up half of the corn they had brought. It seemed great sport to be feasting in that wild, free way in a forest where no man lived. They said that they would never return to town. And as they talked, the fire lighted up their faces and threw its red glow on the great tree trunks of their forest home.

When the last piece of bacon was gone and the corn had been eaten, the boys stretched themselves out on the grass. They were happy and satisfied.

"Ain't this great?" said Joe.

"It's the nuts!" said Tom. "What would the boys say if they could see us?"

"Say? Well, they would just die to be here. Ain't that right, Huck?"

"I guess so," said Huckleberry. "Anyways, it suits *me*. They can't come and pick on a fellow here."

"It's just the life for me," said Tom. "You don't have to get up mornings. And you don't have to go to school, and wash, and all that foolishness. See, a pirate don't have to do *anything*, Joe, when he's on shore. But a *hermit* has to be praying all the time."

"Oh, yes, that's so," said Joe. "But I hadn't thought much about it, you know."

"You see," said Tom, "people don't go as much for hermits these days as they used to in old times. And a hermit has to stand out in the rain and—"

Huck, the Red-Handed, had by this time finished making a pipe out of a corncob. He filled it with tobacco and lighted the charge with a burning coal. Soon he was blowing clouds of smoke into the air, while the other pirates watched with interest. Both the Terror of the Seas and the Black Heart then decided that they would soon learn to smoke.

Huck said, "What do pirates have to do?"

"Oh, they just have a good time," said Tom. "They take ships and burn them. And they get the money and bury it in awful places on their islands.

They have ghosts and things to watch it. And they kill everybody by making them walk the plank."

"What's 'walking the plank'?" asked Huck.

"That's when they tie a cloth on people's eyes and make them walk on a board over the edge of a ship till they fall into the water," explained Tom.

"And they carry women to the island," said Joe.

"But they don't kill the women—they're too noble. And they're always beautiful, too," said Tom.

"And don't they wear the *best* clothes! All gold and silver and diamonds!" cried Joe.

"Who?" asked Huck.

"Why, the pirates!"

Huck looked sadly at his own clothes.

"I guess I ain't dressed fit to be a pirate," he said. "I ain't got any clothes but these."

The other boys told him that fine clothes would come fast enough when the ships were robbed. And they made him understand that his poor clothes would be all right for a while.

Soon their talk died out, and sleep began to steal upon them. The pipe dropped from the fingers of the Red-Handed, and he fell into the sleep of all

tired boys. The Terror of the Seas and the Black Heart of the Spanish Main found it harder to fall asleep. They said their prayers to themselves while lying down, since nobody was there to make them get on their knees and say the prayers aloud. In truth, they didn't want to say them at all, but they were afraid to be so bold—it might call down sudden and special thunder from Heaven.

Just as they were about to fall asleep, something began to trouble them: had they been doing wrong to run away? Then, too, there was the meat that they had taken—this troubled them greatly. They told themselves that they had taken apples and candy many times; this was not the first time they had taken things. But their minds would not rest. They finally decided that taking apples and candy from their homes was not so bad, but taking bacon and other meat was plain *stealing*—and there was a command against that in the Bible. So they secretly decided that while they were in the pirate business they would do no more stealing. This eased their minds, and they fell peacefully asleep.

CHAPTER XIV

In Camp on the Island

When Tom opened his eyes the next morning, he wondered where he was. He sat up and looked around, and then remembered that he was a pirate. It was a cool gray morning with a feeling of peace and quiet in the air. Not a branch stirred, and no sound broke the stillness of the great woods. A thin blue ribbon of smoke from the fire rose straight into the air. Joe and Huck were sleeping.

Now far away in the woods a bird called. Another answered. By and by more sounds were heard, for the creatures of the forest were shaking off sleep and going to work. Squirrels began to run around, and bugs crawled here and there. Through the trees the

long beams of sunlight shone in all their golden glory. A new day was dawning.

Tom awakened the other pirates. In a minute or two they were dashing down to the water for a swim. The river had carried away their raft, but they did not mind, for now they could not go back to the village.

The boys returned to camp, happy and hungry, and soon had a fire burning. Huck found a spring of clear, cold water close by, and the boys cupped their hands and began to drink their fill. They all decided that water such as this was just as good as coffee. While Joe was cutting bacon for breakfast, Tom and Huck ran to the riverbank with fish lines. No sooner had the hooks hit the water than fish began to bite; the boys came back with enough food

for a small family. They cooked the fish with the bacon and were surprised, for no fish had ever seemed so good before. They did not know that a fresh-water fish is best when it has been put on the fire right after being caught. Nor did they stop to think how hungry they were after sleeping in the open air, running around, and swimming.

They lay around in the shade after breakfast while Huck had a smoke. Then they went off through the woods to look around. They walked along over dead logs and through heavy brush. Sometimes they passed among tall trees of the forest. Now and then they came upon small pieces of clear ground covered with grass and flowers.

They found many things with which to be delighted, but nothing surprised them. They discovered that the island was about three miles long and a half-mile wide. It was separated from the mainland by a body of water only two hundred yards wide. The boys took a swim about every hour, so it was near the middle of the afternoon when they got back to camp. They were too hungry to stop and fish, but they ate some cold meat and then threw themselves down in

the shade to talk. The talking did not last long, however, because the stillness of the woods soon made them feel lonely, and they began to think about home. Even Finn, the Red-Handed, was dreaming of the empty boxes he used to sleep in at the village. But they were all ashamed of their weakness, and none was brave enough to speak his thought.

For some time the boys had heard a far-off sound. Now it was coming closer. They started, looked at each other, and then listened. There was a long silence. Then a deep BOOM was heard from the distance.

"What is it?" Joe asked in a whisper.

"I wonder," said Tom quietly.

"It ain't thunder," murmured Huck slowly, "because thunder—"

"Listen!" said Tom. "Listen—don't talk."

They waited for a time that seemed an age. Then the same BOOM broke the silence again.

"Let's go and see."

They jumped to their feet and hurried to the shore nearest the town. Here they parted the bushes on the bank and looked out over the water. The little steam

ferryboat was about a mile below the village, floating downstream with the current. The broad deck seemed crowded with people. There were a great many small boats rowing around or floating near the ferryboat, but the boys could not tell what the men in them were doing. Soon a great cloud of white smoke burst from the ferryboat's side. As the cloud rose in the sky, that same BOOM was heard again.

"I know!" cried Tom. "Somebody's drowned."

"That's it," said Huck. "They done that last summer when Bill Turner got drowned. They shoot a big gun over the water, and that makes him come up to the top. Yes, and they take loaves of bread and put quicksilver [1] in them and set them afloat. And when the loaves get near somebody that's drowned, they float right there and stop."

"I wonder what makes the bread do that," said Joe.

"Oh, it ain't the bread so much," Tom declared. "I think it's mostly what they *say* over it before they start it out."

[1] *quicksilver,* the metal mercury, which is heavy and silver-white. Mercury is used in thermometers.

"But they don't say anything over it," said Huck. "I've seen them, and they don't."

"Well, that's funny," said Tom. "Maybe they say it to themselves. Of *course* they do. Anybody might know that."

The other boys agreed that there was reason in what Tom said. How could an old loaf of bread know what to do if something wasn't said to it?

"I wish I was over there now," said Joe.

"I do too," said Huck. "I would give a lot to know who's drowned."

The boys still listened and watched. Soon a thought flashed through Tom's mind, and he cried out, "Boys, I know who's drowned—it's us."

They felt like heroes at once. Weren't they being missed? Hearts were breaking for them. Friends were crying. People were remembering, with sorrow, how unkind they had been to these poor lads. And best of all, everybody in town was talking about them. Every boy in the village was probably wishing that he could be one of the lost youths who had become so famous. This was fine. It was worth while to be a pirate after all.

In the late afternoon the ferryboat went back to the village, and all the small boats disappeared. The pirates returned to camp. They were happy with the thought of their new fame and all the trouble they were making. They caught some fish, cooked supper and ate it, and then began to guess what the village was thinking and saying about them. As each boy talked, he grew more and more satisfied with what he had done. But when darkness closed in, they all stopped talking and looked into the fire—they were thinking of other things.

Soon Tom and Joe began to think of home, for they knew that certain persons back there were not enjoying this trick. The two bold pirates became troubled and unhappy. By and by Joe tried to see how the others felt about going back home. "When do you think we ought to go back—"

"What's the matter, Joe? Are you getting homesick?" asked Tom.

"Who said anything about going?" asked Huck.

Joe saw that talk of home did not rest on eager ears. And he was glad to get out of trouble without hearing the word "chicken-hearted" more than once.

After a while Huck began to nod and soon fell asleep. Joe followed next. Tom lay for some time, watching the two. At last he got up quietly on his knees and searched in the grass until he found two pieces of bark. Then he sat down by the fire and with his chalk wrote something on each piece. One piece he put into his pocket, and the other he put into Joe's hat. He also placed in the hat some treasures of great value: a ball, three fishhooks, and some marbles. Then he went quietly through the trees in the direction of the water. When he was out of hearing, he broke into a run.

CHAPTER XV

The Visit Home by Night

A few minutes later Tom was in the water of the sand bar, walking out toward the Illinois shore. When he was nearly halfway over, the force of the stream was too great for walking, so he struck out bravely to swim. He moved a little against the stream but was driven back more than he had planned. However, he reached the shore finally and pulled himself out of the water. He put his hand into his pocket, found his piece of bark safe, and then struck out through the woods, following the shore. Just before ten o'clock he came out into an open place across from the village. Here he saw the ferry-boat lying in the shadow of the tall trees. Everything

was quiet. He crept down the riverbank, keeping a sharp lookout for people. At the river's edge he slipped into the water and with a few swift strokes reached the small boat tied to the ferryboat. He pulled himself into the boat and lay down under one of the seats. Then he waited.

Soon the bell sounded, and a voice gave orders to cast off. A few minutes later Tom's boat was speeding behind the ferryboat, which had started across the river. Tom felt happy because he knew that it was the boat's last trip that night. At the end of about fifteen minutes the wheels of the boat stopped. Tom slipped into the water and quietly began to swim toward shore.

When all the people had left the boat, Tom ran toward home. He flew along dark alleys and shortly found himself in his aunt's back yard. A light was burning at the sitting-room window, and looking in, he saw Aunt Polly, Sid, Mary, and Joe Harper's mother sitting in a group, talking. There was a bed between them and the door. Tom went to the door and very carefully began to open it. He opened it just a little at first, stopping whenever it made a noise. He

pushed it open a little more. Each time the door creaked, Tom's heart stopped. Finally when he had enough room, he put his head through and began to crawl toward the bed.

"What makes the candle blow so?" said Aunt Polly. Tom moved faster. "Why, that door's open, I believe. Why, of course it is. There's no end of strange things now. Go along and shut it, Sid."

Tom got under the bed just in time. He lay and rested for a while. Then he moved over to a place from where he could almost touch his aunt's foot.

"But as I was saying," said Aunt Polly, "he wasn't *bad*. He was just up to tricks. *He* never meant any harm. And he was the best-hearted boy there ever was—" and she began to cry.

"It was just so with my Joe. He was always full of mischief and up to all sorts of tricks, but he was just as kind as could be. And to think that I forgot and whipped him hard for taking that cream that I throwed out myself because it was spoiled. To think that I may never see him again in this world—never, never—poor boy." And Mrs. Harper cried as if her heart would break.

"I hope Tom's better off where he is," said Sid. "But if he'd been better in some ways—"

"Sid!" Tom could almost feel the old lady's eyes upon Sid. "Not a word against my Tom, now that he's gone! God will take care of *him*—don't you trouble *your*self, sir! Oh, Mrs. Harper, I don't know how to give him up! He was such a comfort to me, though he nearly broke my old heart."

"The Lord gives, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! But it's so hard—oh, it's *so* hard! Only last Saturday my Joe lighted a firecracker right under my nose, and I gave him a sound beating. Little did I know then how soon he would be gone. Oh, if it was to do over again, I would put my arms around him and bless him for it."

"Yes, yes, I know just how you feel, Mrs. Harper. I know exactly how you feel. Just yesterday afternoon my Tom filled the cat full of Painkiller. I did think the poor cat would tear the house down. And God forgive me, I cracked Tom over the head, poor boy—poor dead boy. But he's out of all his troubles now. And the last words I ever heard him say was to tell me—"

But this was too much for the old lady. She broke down and cried freely. Tom was nearly in tears too—and more in pity for himself than for anybody else. He could hear Mary crying and saying a kind word for him from time to time. He began to have a finer opinion of himself than ever before. Still, he felt so sorry for his aunt that he wanted to go out and throw his arms around her. This would have made quite a hero of him, but he changed his mind and lay still.

He went on listening. He learned that at first the people had thought that the boys had drowned while taking a swim. Then the small raft had been missed. Next, some boys had said Tom and Joe had told them that the village should "hear something" soon. The "wise" people had decided that the boys had gone

off on the raft and would soon turn up at the next town below. But about noon the raft had been found near the other shore of the river, some five or six miles below the village. Then hope was gone—the missing lads must have been drowned, or they would have come home before dark. People who had searched for the bodies now believed that the boys had gone down in the middle of the river and could never be found. This was Wednesday night. If the bodies were not found before Sunday, all hope would be given up, and the boys' funerals would be held in the church on Sunday morning. Tom suddenly felt his throat grow tight.

Mrs. Harper, with tears in her eyes, said good night and turned to go. Then the two sad women fell into each other's arms and had a good cry, and then parted. Aunt Polly was very tender while saying her good night to Sid and Mary. Sid looked sad, and Mary went off crying with all her heart.

Aunt Polly got down on her knees and prayed for Tom. She did it with so much kindness and love in her heart that great tears ran down Tom's cheeks long before she finished.

He had to be quiet after she went to bed, because she kept talking about him, tossing around, and turning over. But at last she was still, only sighing a little in her sleep. Now Tom moved slowly out, rose by the bed, and stood with a candle in his hand, looking at her. His heart was full of pity for her. He took the bark from his pocket and laid it upon the table. But an interesting thought came to his mind, and he quickly returned the bark to his pocket. Then he bent over and kissed her lightly on the lips and moved quietly through the door.

Tom made his way back to the ferryboat, and finding nobody about, walked onto the vessel. He knew that the watchman was asleep and would not hear him, so he untied the small boat at the back, stepped into it, and pushed off. When he had worked the boat about a mile upstream, he turned it toward the landing across the river. He hit the landing as he had planned, for this was not the first time he had pulled across at this point. He thought of taking the boat at first, for he was a pirate. But he knew that people would look for the boat, and it would lead them to the island. So he stepped ashore and entered the woods.

He sat down and took a long rest, trying hard to keep awake. Then he started off again down the shore. It was daylight before he found himself near the island sand bar. He rested again until the sun was well up and brightening the great river with its golden glory. Then he stepped into the water and made for the island. A little later he stopped near the camp.

"No, Tom wouldn't do that, Huck. Tom's true-blue," he heard Joe say. "He'll come back. He won't leave us. He knows that a pirate wouldn't act that way. And Tom's too good for that sort of thing. But he's up to something or other. Now I wonder what it is?"

"Well, the things is ours, ain't they?" asked Huck.

"Pretty near, but not yet, Huck. The writing says they're ours if he ain't back here in time for breakfast," said Joe.

"And here he is!" cried Tom as he stepped out of the bushes.

A fine breakfast of bacon and fish was soon on the fire. And while Huck and Joe attended to the cooking, Tom told about his trip to the village. He forgot

no facts and added many new things to make his story more interesting. The pirates were a very proud group of heroes when the story was done. Then Tom hid himself in the shade to sleep until noon, and the other boys got ready to fish and look around.

CHAPTER XVI

Homesick Pirates

After dinner the boys set out to hunt for turtle eggs on the sand bar. They poked sticks into the sand, and when they found a soft place, they got down on their knees and began to dig with their hands. Sometimes they would find as many as forty or fifty eggs in one hole. These were round white things about the size of large marbles. The boys had eggs for dinner that night and again for breakfast Friday morning.

After breakfast they went yelling and running out on the sand bar to have some fun. They chased each other round and round, dropping off their clothes as they ran, until they had nothing on. Then they

dashed into the swift water which knocked them down from time to time, greatly increasing the fun. And now and then they threw water at each other's faces, slowly moving toward each other and finally pushing and fighting until someone fell. Then they all went under with arms and legs flying and came up blowing and laughing, ready to try it again.

When they grew tired, they ran up to the hot dry sand and covered themselves with it. Then by and by they ran into the water again and did the same tricks once more.

At last the boys drew apart and began to look longingly across the river to where the village lay in the hot sun. Now Tom found himself writing "BECKY" in the sand with his big toe. He rubbed the word out and was angry with himself. But he wrote it again; he could not help himself. He rubbed the name out once more, and then, to keep his mind off Becky, he called the other boys together.

But Joe's spirits had gone down almost too far to be reached. He was so homesick that he hardly knew what to do. The tears were about ready to flow. Huck was sad, too. Tom was low but tried not to

show it. He had a secret that he was not ready to tell yet, but if the boys did not cheer up soon, he would have to bring it out.

"I'm sure there's been pirates on this island before, boys," said Tom. "Let's look around again. They've hid treasure around here somewhere. How would you like to find an old chest full of gold and silver?"

This did not interest the boys much. Nobody answered. Tom tried one or two more ideas, but they failed too.

Joe sat poking up the sand with a stick and looking very sad. Finally he said, "Oh, let's give it up. I want to go home. It's so lonely."

"Oh, no, Joe. You'll feel better by and by," said Tom. "We can have more fun than anybody. Just think of the fishing that's here."

"I don't care for fishing. I want to go home."

"But, Joe, there ain't another swimming hole like this anywhere," said Tom.

"Swimming is no good. I don't seem to care for it, somehow, when there ain't anybody to say I can't go in. I mean to go home."

"Baby! You want to see your mother, I suppose."

"Yes, I *do* want to see my mother—you would, too, if you had one. I ain't no more baby than you are." And Joe was very nearly crying.

"Well, we'll let the crybaby go home to his mother, won't we, Huck? Poor thing—he wants to see his mother. And so he shall. *You* like it here, *don't* you, Huck? We'll stay, won't we?"

Huck said "Y-e-s" without any heart in it.

"I'll never speak to you again as long as I live," said Joe as he got up. "There, now!" And he moved slowly away and began to dress himself.

"Who cares!" said Tom. "Nobody wants you to. Go along home and be laughed at. Oh, you're a nice pirate. Huck and me ain't crybabies. We'll stay, won't we, Huck? Let him go home if he wants to. I guess we can get along without him."

But Tom was uneasy because he did not like to see Joe go on with his dressing. And then it was troubling to see Huck sadly watching Joe and keeping up such a silence. Soon, without a word to the boys, Joe walked into the river and started for the far shore. Tom's heart began to sink. He glanced at Huck. Huck could not bear to face him and looked away.

Then he spoke without looking up, "I want to go, too, Tom. It was getting so lonely anyway, and now it'll be worse. Let's us go too, Tom."

"I won't! You can all go if you want to. I mean to stay here."

"Tom, I better go."

"Well, go along—who's stopping you?"

"Tom, I wish you would come, too," said Huck as he began to pick up his clothes. "Now you think it over. We'll wait for you when we get to shore."

"Well, you'll wait a long time, that's all."

Huck started sadly away. And Tom stood looking after him, wanting to go along but obeying the pride that held him back. He hoped that the boys would stop, but they still moved slowly on. Suddenly Tom felt that it was becoming very lonely and still. He tried not to feel that way but could not help himself.

"Wait! Wait! I want to tell you something," he cried as he started toward the river.

The boys stopped and turned around. When he reached them, he began to unfold his secret. They listened until he had finished and then let out a great war cry, for they thought that he had a fine plan.

The boys then went back to their camp, happy and cheerful again. After a light dinner of fish and eggs Tom said that he wanted to learn to smoke now. Joe thought that he would like to try, too. So Huck made pipes and filled them. After finding a good place to lie down, these beginners lighted their pipes and began to puff. The smoke had an unpleasant taste, and their throats filled, but Tom said, "Why, this is easy. If I'd known it was like *this*, I would have learned long ago."

"So would I," said Joe. "It's nothing."

"Why, many a time I've looked at people smoking and wished I could do it. But I never thought I could," said Tom.

"That's just the way with me, ain't it, Huck? You've heard me talk just that way—haven't you, Huck? I'll leave it to Huck if I haven't."

"Yes—lots of times," said Huck.

"Well, I have, too," said Tom. "Hundreds of times. Once down by the old mill. Don't you remember, Huck? Bob Tanner was there, and John Miller, and Jeff Thatcher, when I said it. Don't you remember, Huck, about me saying that?"

"Yes, that's so," said Huck. "That was the day I lost a white marble. No, it was the day before!"

"There—I told you so," said Tom. "Huck remembers."

"I believe I could smoke this pipe all day," said Joe. "*I* don't feel sick."

"Neither do I," said Tom. "*I* could smoke it all day—but Jeff Thatcher couldn't."

"Jeff Thatcher! Why, he would fall over with two puffs. Just let him try it once. He'll see!"

"I'll say he would. And John Miller, too. I wish I could see John Miller try it once."

"Oh, don't I!" said Joe. "Why, I tell you John Miller couldn't any more do this than fly. Just one little puff would finish him."

"Yes, it would, Joe. Say, I wish the boys could see us now."

"So do I."

"Say, boys—don't say anything about it, and some time when they're around, I'll come up to you and say, 'Joe, got a pipe? I want a smoke.' And you'll say as if it wasn't anything, 'Yes, I got my *old* pipe and another one. But my tobacco ain't very good.'

And I'll say, 'Oh, that's all right if it's *strong* enough.' And you'll pull out your pipes, and we'll light up."

"I wish it was *now*, Tom!"

"So do I! And we'll tell them we learned when we was pirates. Won't they wish they'd been along?"

"I'll say they will," declared Joe.

So the talk ran on. But soon it began to fall off, and the silences grew longer. Tom and Joe were looking very pale and restless now. Joe's pipe dropped from his fingers. Tom's fell, too. Both sick boys were trying with all their might to look as if they were enjoying themselves.

"I've lost my knife," said Joe. "I guess I better go and find it."

"I'll help you," said Tom. "You go over that way, and I'll hunt around the spring. No, you needn't come, Huck—we can find it."

So Huck sat down again and waited for an hour. Then he became lonesome and went to find his friends. They were wide apart in the woods. Both were very pale, and both were fast asleep.

They did not talk much during supper that night. And when Huck filled his pipe after the meal and was going to fill theirs, they said no, they were not feeling very well—something they ate at dinner had not agreed with them.

About midnight Joe got up and called the boys. The air was close and heavy. Its very feeling seemed to warn them that something unpleasant was about to happen. What this would be they did not know, but they crowded around the friendly fire for comfort. Beyond the light of the flames everything was swallowed up in the blackness of the dark night. They sat still, wondering and waiting. Suddenly a bright flash of light cut through the sky, showing

three white, frightened faces. The deep sound of thunder followed, rolling down the heavens and losing itself in the distance. Then all was quiet again. Soon another flash turned night into day, and an instant crash of thunder seemed to tear open the treetops right over the boys' heads. They shook with terror in the thick darkness that followed. A few big raindrops fell noisily above them.

"Quick, boys! Go for the tent!" cried Tom.

They ran off, tripping over branches and vines in the dark. A strong rush of wind roared through the trees, making everything sing as it went. One flash of light came after another, followed each time by a frightening roar of thunder. And now a heavy rain fell, and the wind drove it in sheets along the ground. The boys cried out to each other, but they could not be heard in the storm. One by one they moved on hands and knees into the tent, cold, frightened, and wet to the bone. Even now their talk could not be heard above the cry of the wind. The storm grew stronger and stronger, and suddenly the old sail began to tear loose and was carried off into the night. The boys seized each other's hands and ran to an old oak

tree near the riverbank. At each flash of light they could see the bending trees, the rolling river, and the driving rain. Every little while some giant tree fell crashing to the ground; and the frightening thunder now seemed about to shake the earth to pieces. And finally the wind grew even stronger, as if to tear the island to bits and blow it away. It was a wild night for three frightened boys to be away from home.

But at last the storm was over. The boys went back to camp and found that there was something for which to be thankful: a giant tree that had stood near their tent had been struck by lightning, and they had not been under it when it fell.

Everything in camp was wet, and the fire was out, too. Now the boys looked sadly around, for they were cold and without dry clothes. Soon, however, they found some red coals under the log against which the fire had been built. And with some bark gathered from under sheltered logs, they had the fire burning brightly again. They dried their meat and had a feast, and after that they sat by the fire and talked about the storm until morning. They did not sleep, for there was not a dry spot anywhere around.

As the sun began to steal in upon the boys, they grew tired and went out upon the sand bar to sleep. They got sunburned by and by and went back to camp to eat breakfast. After the meal they felt stiff, and sad, and a little homesick once more. Tom tried to cheer up the pirates as well as he could, but they did not care for marbles, or swimming, or anything. He told them his secret again and raised a little cheer. While the feeling lasted, he decided that they all should stop being pirates, for a while, and play Indians for a change. And it was not long before three chiefs had painted themselves with black mud and were running through the woods to make war on an English town.

By and by they decided to fight each other—each one the chief of a different tribe, of course. They moved slowly through the trees, shouting their war cries and killing each other by the thousands.

At suppertime they went back to camp. Here a new trouble faced them—enemy Indians could not eat together without first smoking the pipe of peace. There was no other way out that they had ever heard of. Two of the Indians almost wished that they had

remained pirates. However, they pretended to be brave and took their puffs as the pipe passed round the circle.

And behold, they were glad they had become Indians, for they found that they could now smoke a little without having to go and hunt for a lost knife. They did not get sick enough to be really uncomfortable. After supper they practiced smoking, with some success, and so they spent a happy evening.

CHAPTER XVII

The Dead Come to Life

There was no happiness in the little town that same Saturday afternoon. The Harpers and Aunt Polly's family, with many tears, were dressing in black clothes. The villagers talked little; but they sighed often. The Saturday holiday seemed of no interest to the children. They had no heart in their play and finally gave it up.

In the afternoon Becky Thatcher, feeling lonely and sad, found herself hanging around the schoolyard. But she could find nothing there to interest her. She thought, "Oh, if I only had that brass ball again! But I haven't got anything now to remember him by." And she nearly cried.

After a time she felt a little better and said to herself, "It was right here. Oh, if it was to do over again, I wouldn't say that. I wouldn't say it again for the whole world. But he's gone now. I'll never, never, never see him any more."

This thought broke her heart, and she walked away with tears rolling down her cheeks. Then a group of boys and girls came by and stood looking over the schoolyard fence. They were talking in sad tones about how Tom had done so-and-so and when they had seen him last. And they also told how Joe had said this and that. Each speaker, showing the spot where the lost boy had stood at the time, explained in some such way as this: "and I was standing just so—like I am now, and as if you was him—I was as close as that—and he smiled just this way—and then something seemed to go all over me—awful, you know—and I never thought what it meant, of course, but I can see now!"

Then there was a quarrel about who had last seen the lost boys, and many claimed the honor. Each one went on to tell where he had seen the boys and at what time this great event had happened.

The next day after Sunday school the church bell began to ring slowly in the still morning air. It told that the funeral would soon start. The village people began to gather, stopping in the hall for a minute to talk in whispers about the sad event. But there was no whispering in the church; only the sound of people moving to their seats broke the silence there. Soon Aunt Polly stepped sadly in, followed by Sid and Mary. Then came the Harper family. All were dressed in black. With tearful hearts the people rose and stood until members of the boys' families were seated in the front part of the church. There was a long silence, broken once in a while by deep sighs, and then the minister slowly bowed his head and prayed. A mournful song followed, and the minister began to preach.

By and by he spoke about the poor, lost boys. He told of their goodness, their fine ways, and their bright futures. He made the people feel ashamed of themselves for having seen only the faults in the boys. He said that they had been kind, sweet lads with hearts of gold, and he told of the good deeds they had done. The people could easily see, now, how beauti-

ful these deeds had been. And they remembered with sorrow that they had wanted to whip the boys at the time. The people became sadder and sadder as the minister talked, and great tears rolled slowly down their cheeks. At last they all broke down and cried loudly together, the minister himself weeping in front of everyone.

A moment later there was a noise at the door. The minister raised his streaming eyes above his handkerchief and looked at the doorway without moving. First one and then another pair of eyes followed the minister's. Then all the people rose and looked at the three dead boys as they marched toward the front of the church. Tom was in the lead, Joe next, and Huck, a ruin of old clothes, followed in the rear. The boys had hidden in the upstairs hall and listened to their own funeral service.

Aunt Polly, Mary, and the Harpers threw themselves upon their lost ones, covered them with kisses, and poured out their tears of joy. Poor Huck stood there, not knowing just what to do or where to hide from so many strange eyes. He turned and started to move away, but Tom seized him.

S.Fleishman

"It ain't fair, Aunt Polly," said Tom. "Somebody has got to be glad to see Huck."

"And so they shall. I'm glad to see him, poor boy with no mother!" And she took Huck into her arms as if he were her own lost son. This made Huck more uncomfortable than ever.

Suddenly the minister shouted at the top of his voice, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow. SING! And put your hearts in it!"

And they did. Never before had that song been sung with so much feeling. It nearly shook the roof. Tom Sawyer, the pirate, looked at all the friends around him now and knew in his heart that this was the proudest moment of his life.

As the people walked out, they said that they would almost be willing to be fooled again to hear those words sung like that once more.

That day Tom got more sharp blows and kisses—depending on how Aunt Polly felt—than he had earned before in a year. And he hardly knew which expressed the most thankfulness to God and love for himself.

CHAPTER XVIII

She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not

That was Tom's great secret—to return home with his pirates and go to their own funerals. They had crossed the river on a log early Saturday night. After landing five or six miles below the village, they had fallen asleep in the woods and stayed there until nearly daylight. Then they had moved quietly through back alleys and finished their sleep in the church.

At breakfast Monday morning Aunt Polly and Mary were very loving to Tom. They gave him everything he asked for—if his desires could be met. There was more talking than usual. Finally Aunt Polly said, "Well, I don't say it wasn't a fine trick,

Tom—to keep everybody suffering almost a week, so you boys could have a good time. But why did you let *me* suffer so? If you could come over to go to your funeral, you could come and let me know you weren't *dead*, but had only run off."

"Yes, you could have done that," said Mary. "And I believe you would have if you had thought of it."

"Would you, Tom?" asked Aunt Polly, her face lighting up. "Would you, if you'd thought of it?"

"I—well, I don't know. It would have spoiled everything."

"Tom, I hoped you loved me that much," said Aunt Polly with a sad look. "It would have been something if you'd cared enough to *think* of it, even if you didn't *do* it."

"Now, Auntie, he meant well," said Mary. "It's only Tom's way. He is always in such a rush that he never thinks of anything."

"That's too bad. Sid would have thought. And Sid would have come home and *told* me, too. Tom, you'll look back some day, when it's too late, and wish you'd cared a little more for me when it would have cost you so little."

"Now, Aunt Polly, you know I do care for you."

"I would know better if you acted more like it."

"I wish now I'd thought," said Tom sadly. "But I dreamed about you, anyway. That's something, ain't it?"

"It isn't much—a cat does that much. But it's better than nothing. What did you dream?"

"Why, Wednesday night I dreamed that you was sitting there by the bed. And Sid was sitting over there by the woodbox, and Mary next to him."

"Well, so we did. So we always do. I'm glad your dreams could take even that much trouble about us."

"And I dreamed that Joe Harper's mother was here, too."

"Why, she *was* here! Did you dream any more?"

"Oh, lots. But I can't remember now."

"Well, *try* to remember, can't you?"

"Somehow it seems that the wind—the wind put out the—the—"

"Try harder, Tom! The wind did blow something. Come!"

"I've got it now! It put out the candle."

"Mercy on us! Go on, Tom. Go on!"

"And it seems to me that you said, 'Why, I believe that the door—' "

"Go *on*, Tom."

"Just let me think a moment—just a moment. Oh, yes—you said you believed the door was open."

"As I'm sitting here, I did! Didn't I, Mary!"

"And then I think you made Sid go and—and—"

"Well? Well? What did I make him do, Tom? What did I make him do?"

"You made him shut it."

"Well, for land's sake! I never heard the beat of that in all my days! Don't tell me there isn't anything in dreams, any more. Mrs. Harper shall know of this before I'm an hour older. I would like to see her get around *this*. Go on, Tom!"

"Oh, it's all coming back to me now. Next you said I wasn't bad, only up to tricks."

"And so it was! Go on, Tom!"

"And then you began to cry."

"So I did. Not the first time, either. And then—"

"Then Mrs. Harper began to cry and said Joe was just the same. And she wished she hadn't whipped him for taking cream she'd throwed out herself—"

"Land alive, Tom. Go on!"

"Then Sid said—he said—"

"I don't think I said anything," said Sid.

"Yes you did, Sid," said Mary.

"Shut your heads and let Tom go on! What did he say, Tom?"

"He said—I *think* he said he hoped I was better off where I was gone to, but if I'd been better sometimes—"

"*There*, do you hear that! It was his very words!"

"And you shut him up sharp."

"I'll say I did! There must have been an angel there. There *was* an angel there, somewhere!"

"And Mrs. Harper told about Joe frightening her with a firecracker. And you told about Peter and the Painkiller—"

"Just as true as I live!"

"And then there was a lot of talk about dragging the river for us and about having our funeral Sunday. And then you and Mrs. Harper cried, and she went."

"It happened just so! It happened just so, as sure as I'm sitting here. Tom, you couldn't have told it better if you'd seen it. And then what, Tom? Go on!"

"Then I thought you prayed for me. I could see you and hear every word you said. And then you went to bed. And I was so sorry that I wrote on a piece of bark, '*We ain't dead—we are only off being pirates.*' And I put it on the table by the candle. And then you looked so good, laying there asleep, that I went and kissed you on the lips."

"Did you, Tom, *did* you! I just forgive you everything for that!" And she seized the boy in her arms and held him so tightly that he felt as if he were being punished rather than praised.

"It was very kind, even though it was just a —dream," said Sid.

"Shut up, Sid! A body does just the same in a dream as he would do if he was awake. Here's a big apple I've been saving for you, Tom, if you was ever found again. Now go along to school. I'm thankful to the good God and Father of us all that I've got you back. Go along, Sid, Mary, Tom—you've stopped me long enough."

The children left for school, and the old lady went to call on Mrs. Harper and tell her about Tom's dream. Sid did not say what was on his mind as he left

the house. He said to himself, "Tom's story is pretty thin—as long a dream as that, without any mistakes in it!"

What a hero Tom had become now! He did not run around and show off but walked with all the boldness of a pirate who felt that every eye was upon him. And indeed people were watching him. As he walked past his friends, he tried to look as though he could not hear what they were saying about him. But he was well pleased by their words and what he saw. Smaller boys followed behind his heels, as proud to be seen with him as if he had been the drummer in a circus band. Boys of his own age pretended not to know that he had been away at all; but they wished that they had been with him, nevertheless. They would have given anything to have his sun-tanned skin and be as important as he now was. And Tom would not have changed places with any of them for a circus.

At school the children made so much of Tom and Joe that it was not long before the two heroes became very much high-hat. They began to tell their stories to all the pupils. These tales never were finished

because there was so much to tell and new ideas always could be added to make the stories sound even more exciting. And finally, when the boys pulled out their pipes and went puffing around, they had reached the height of their glory.

Tom decided that he would have nothing more to do with Becky Thatcher. He was satisfied without her now. He would live in glory. Now that he was a hero, maybe she would be wanting to make up. Well, let her—she should see that he, *too*, could act as if he did not care.

When she came to school, he moved away and joined a group of boys and girls and began to talk. Soon he noticed that she was running back and forth with bright face and dancing eyes. She was chasing girls around and laughing loudly whenever she caught one. But he noticed that she was always very near him when she made a catch. Then she seemed to look at him as if she were wondering whether he had been watching her.

It pleased Tom to think that she was playing up to him now. But Tom was not to be caught. He would not let on that he knew she was anywhere

around. At last she gave up her playing and moved slowly about, sighing and looking longingly toward Tom. Then she saw that he was talking more to Amy Lawrence than to anyone else. Her heart began to sink, and she became troubled at once. She tried to go away, but her feet carried her to the group instead. She said to a girl at Tom's side, "Why, Mary! You bad girl, why didn't you come to Sunday school?"

"I did come. Didn't you see me?"

"Why, no! Did you? Where did you sit?"

"I was in Miss Peters's class where I always go. I saw you."

"Did you? Why, it's funny I didn't see you. I wanted to tell you about the picnic," said Becky.

"Oh, that's nice. Who's going to give it?"

"My mother's going to let me have one."

"Oh, goody. I hope she'll let *me* come," said Mary.

"Well, she will. The picnic is for me. She'll let anybody come that I want, and I want you," said Becky as she glanced at Tom.

"That's ever so nice. When is it going to be?"

"By and by. Maybe during vacation, when school is out."

"Oh, won't it be fun! Are you going to have all the boys and girls?" asked Mary.

"Yes, everyone that's friends to me—or wants to be." And Becky looked again at Tom, but he talked right along to Amy Lawrence about the terrible storm on the island.

"Oh, may I come?" said Grace Miller.

"Yes."

"And me, too?" said Susie Harper. "And Joe?"

"Yes."

"And me?" said Sally Rogers.

"Yes."

And so on, with joyful shouting until everyone except Tom and Amy had asked to come. Then Tom turned sharply away, still talking, and took Amy with him. Becky's lips trembled, and the tears came to her eyes. She hid her feelings by acting very gay, but the life had gone out of the picnic now and out of everything. As soon as possible she got away and hid and had a good cry. Then she sat with hurt pride until the school bell sounded. She got up now and with fire in her eyes said that she knew what *she* would do.

During the morning play period Tom was seen again with Amy. While they walked around and talked about Tom's trip, he kept looking for Becky, who was not in sight. At last he found her, but this did not make him happy. She was sitting on a bench behind the school, looking at a picture book with Alfred Temple. They were so interested in the book, and their heads were so close together that they did not seem to know there was anybody else in the world. Tom did not like this turn of events. The blood ran hot through his body. He began to hate himself for not making up with Becky earlier in the day. He called himself a fool and all the other hard names he could remember.

Amy talked happily as they walked along, for her heart was singing. But now Tom was thinking deeply and did not hear a word she said. He walked to the rear of the school again and again to see if Becky was still there. He could not help it. And he was angry to think that Becky never once knew that he was near. But she did see him, nevertheless. And she knew that she was winning her fight, too, and was glad to see Tom suffer as she had suffered.

Amy's happy voice was too much for Tom to bear. He tried to let her know that he had other things to do, but the girl talked on. Tom thought, "Oh, hang her. Ain't I ever going to get away from her?" At last he said that he *must* go, and Amy told him that she would be "around" when school let out. Tom ran off, hating her for what she had said.

"Any other boy!" thought Tom with anger. "Any other boy in the whole town but that St. Louis fellow who dresses so fine and thinks he's so good! Oh, all right, I licked you the first day you ever saw this town, and I'll lick you again. You just wait till I catch you alone! I'll just take and—"

And he went through the act of fighting the boy. He hit, and kicked, and hit again. "Oh, you do, do you? You yell enough, do you? Now, let that teach you!" And so the fight was finished as Tom would have liked it.

Tom hurried home at noon. His ears could not stand any more of Amy's talking, and his eyes could not bear to see the book-reading scene again. Becky continued to look at pictures with Alfred, but when Tom did not come around, she began to lose interest.

Two or three times she thought that she heard Tom's footsteps, but no Tom was to be seen. At last she became thoroughly unhappy and wished that she had not treated her friend so coldly. When poor Alfred saw that he was losing her, he tried his best to win her back, "Oh, here's a fine one! Look at this!" But Becky grew angry at last and said, "Oh, don't talk to me! I don't care for them!" and burst into tears and walked away.

Alfred was going to try to comfort her, but she cried, "Go away and leave me alone! I hate you!"

So the boy stopped, wondering what he could have done. She had said that she would look at pictures all through the noon hour—but now she was walking away, crying. Then Alfred went into the empty schoolhouse. He was hurt and angry. He easily guessed the truth—the girl had used him to get even with Tom Sawyer. This made him hate Tom more than he had before. He wished there were some way to get that boy into trouble without getting caught himself. A spelling book lay on Tom's desk. Here was Alfred's chance. He opened the book to the lesson for the day and poured ink upon the page.

Becky, looking in at a window behind him, saw the act and moved on without being discovered. Now she started home, planning to find Tom and tell him. He would be glad to know, and their troubles would be ended. Before she was halfway home, however, she had changed her mind. The thought of Tom's actions when she had been talking about her picnic filled her with anger and shame. She decided to let him get whipped for spoiling the speller and to hate him forever.

CHAPTER XIX

Tom Is Forgiven

Tom arrived home, feeling very sad. The first thing his aunt said showed that she would make him feel no better: "Tom, I've a mind to skin you alive!"

"Aunt Polly, what have I done?"

"Well, you've done enough. Here I go over to Mrs. Harper, like an old fool, to tell her about your dream. And just as soon as I get started to telling her, she says that Joe said you were over here that night. Tom, I don't know what is to become of a boy that will act like that. It makes me feel so bad to think you could let me go to Mrs. Harper and make such a fool of myself."

Tom had not thought of the story in this way. His trick of the morning had seemed to be good fun before, and very bright. It only looked mean now. He bowed his head and could not think of anything to say for a moment.

"Aunt Polly, I wish I hadn't done it," he said sadly. "I just didn't think."

"Oh, child, you never think. You never think of anybody but yourself. You could think to come all the way over here from Jackson's Island in the night to laugh at our troubles. And you could think to fool me with a lie about a dream. But you couldn't ever think to pity us and save us from sorrow."

"Aunt Polly, I know now it was mean, but I didn't come over here to laugh at you that night."

"What did you come for, then?"

"I come to tell you not to worry about us, because we hadn't got drowned."

"Tom, Tom, I would be the happiest soul in this world if I could believe you ever had as good a thought as that. But you know you never did—and I know it, Tom."

"Yes, I *did!* I wish I may never stir if I didn't."

"Oh, Tom, don't lie—don't do it. It only makes things a hundred times worse."

"It ain't a lie, Aunt Polly—it's the *truth*. I wanted to keep you from worrying—that was all that made me come."

"I would give the whole world to believe that—it would cover up a heap of your sins, Tom. I would almost be glad you'd run off and acted so bad. But it isn't true—because, why didn't you tell me, child?"

"Why, you see, when you got to talking about the funeral, I just got full of the idea of our coming and hiding in the church. And I just couldn't somehow bear to spoil it. So I just put the bark back in my pocket and kept still."

"What bark?"

"The bark I had wrote on to tell you we'd gone to be pirates. I wish now you'd waked up when I kissed you—I do, honest."

His aunt's face suddenly became tender and kind. "Did you kiss me, Tom?"

"Why, yes, I did."

"Are you sure you did, Tom?"

"Why, yes, I did, Aunt Polly—I'm very sure."

"What did you kiss me for, Tom?"

"Because I loved you so, and you laid there sighing, and I was so sorry."

The words sounded like truth. The old lady could hardly keep the tears from rolling down her trembling cheeks as she said, "Kiss me again, Tom, and be off with you. Now, don't trouble me any more."

The moment he was gone, she ran into the hall and got Tom's old coat. She stopped, with the coat in her hand, and said to herself, "No, I don't dare. Poor boy, I suppose he lied about it. But it's a blessed, blessed lie—it was such a comfort to me. I hope the Lord—I *know* the Lord will forgive him, because it was such a sweet thing in him to tell it. But I don't want to find out it's a lie. I won't look."

She put the coat away and stood thinking for a minute. Twice she put out her hand to take the coat again, and twice she stopped. Then suddenly she tried again, thinking, "It's a good lie—it's a good lie—I won't let it trouble me." So she reached into the pocket. A moment later she was reading Tom's note through flowing tears and saying, "I could forgive the boy, now, if he'd done a million bad things."

CHAPTER XX

Noble Tom Saves Becky

There was something about Aunt Polly's kiss that cleared away Tom's low spirits and made him light-hearted and happy again. He started to school and had the pleasure of coming upon Becky Thatcher at the head of Meadow Road. Without stopping a moment, he ran to catch up with her and said, "I acted mighty mean today, Becky, and I'm so sorry. I won't ever, ever do that way again as long as ever I live. Please make up, won't you?"

The girl stopped and gave Tom a cold, angry look. Then she said, "I'll thank you to keep yourself away from me, Mr. Thomas Sawyer. I'll never speak to you again."

She tossed her head and passed on. Tom was so surprised that he forgot to say "Who cares?" until she was out of hearing. So he said nothing. But he was hurt and angry. He went into the schoolyard, wishing that Becky were a boy and imagining how he would fight her if she were. He soon met her and threw out some hot words as he passed. She threw others back in return, and the breakup was complete. Now Becky could hardly wait for school to begin, for she was anxious to see Tom whipped for spoiling the speller. After hearing Tom's words, she would *never* tell that Alfred had poured the ink.

Poor girl, she did not know how fast she was nearing trouble herself. The schoolmaster, Mr. Dobbins, had long wanted to be a doctor, but he had never had enough money to study medicine in college. Every day he took a certain book out of his desk and read it while the children were studying. He kept that book under lock and key. Of course every boy and girl in school wanted to see that book, but the chance never came. Each child thought that he knew what its contents were; but no two ideas were alike, and there was no way of getting at the facts. Now, as Becky was

passing by the desk, which stood near the door, she saw that the key was in the lock! Here was her chance. She looked around and saw no one. In a moment she had the book in her hands. The cover did not show the name of the book, so she began to turn the pages. It was a book on medicine. At that moment a shadow fell on a page, and Tom stepped in at the door and saw her. Becky pulled the page to close the book, and as she did so, the page tore down the middle. She threw the book into the desk, turned the key, and burst out crying with shame.

"Tom Sawyer, you are just as mean as you can be to look at what a person's looking at."

"How was I supposed to know you was looking at anything?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Sawyer. You know you're going to tell on me. And, oh, what shall I do! I'll be licked. And I never was licked in school."

Then she stamped her little foot and said, "Be so mean if you want to! I know something that's going to happen. You just wait and you'll see! I hate you, hate you!" and she ran out of the schoolhouse, crying.

Tom stood still for a moment, surprised. Then he said to himself, "What fools girls are. Never been licked in school! What's a licking! That's just like a girl. They're so chicken-hearted.

"Well, of course I ain't going to tell on this little fool. There's other ways of getting even that ain't so mean, but what of it? Old Dobbins will ask who it was who tore his book. Nobody's going to answer. Then he'll just do the way he always does—first ask one and then another. And when he comes to the right girl, he'll know her without any telling. Girls' faces always tell on them. They ain't got any backbone. She'll get licked. It's kind of a tight place for Becky Thatcher, because there ain't any way out of it. She would love to see me in just such a fix, though—let her get it!"

Tom went out again to join his friends who were playing in the yard. In a few moments the master came, and school began. Tom was not much interested in his lessons. Every time he looked at the girls' side of the room, Becky's face troubled him. He did not want to feel sorry for her, but he could not help pitying the girl.

It was not long before the schoolmaster noticed the ink in Tom's speller, and trouble began. Now Becky forgot her own difficulties and looked on with interest. She did not think that Tom could get out of his trouble by saying that he had not ruined the speller, and she was right. When Tom denied spoiling it, matters grew worse. Becky had thought she would be glad of that, but now she was not sure. At one time she nearly got up and told what Alfred Temple had done, but she kept still because, she said to herself, "Tom will tell about me tearing the picture in the teacher's book when he gets a chance. And then I'll get a licking. I won't say a word, not to save his life!"

Tom took his licking and went back to his seat. He was not broken-hearted, for he thought that he might have upset the ink without knowing that he had done it.

A whole hour passed. By and by the master opened his desk and reached for his book. He could not decide whether to take it out or leave it. Most of the pupils in the room looked up, but none looked with the fear that Tom and Becky showed at that

moment. Mr. Dobbins fingered the book for a while, then took it out and settled himself in his chair to read. Tom looked swiftly at Becky. She was pale and frightened. Suddenly he forgot his quarrel with her. Quick! Something must be done! Done in a hurry, too! He had a plan! He would run and take the book, spring through the door, and fly. But he was too late. The master had opened the book. If Tom only had that chance back again! Too late! "There's no help for Becky now," he thought. The next moment the master faced the pupils. Every eye dropped under his awful look. There was a silence while one might count ten; the master was gathering his anger. Then he spoke. "Who tore this book?"

There was not a sound. One could have heard a pin drop. The master looked from face to face. "Ben Rogers, did you tear this book?"

"No, sir."

"Joe Harper, did you?"

"No, sir."

Tom found it hard to sit still and wait. He was very uneasy. The master looked at the rest of the boys. Then he thought a moment, turned to the girls, and said, "Amy Lawrence?"

She shook her head and said, "No."

"Grace Miller?"

"No, sir."

"Susan Harper, did you do this?"

"No, sir."

The next girl was Becky Thatcher. Tom was trembling from head to foot.

"Rebecca Thatcher, did you tear—no, look me in the eyes." (Tom glanced at her face—it was white with terror.) "Did you tear this book?"

Suddenly a new plan shot like lightning through Tom's mind. He jumped to his feet and cried, "I done it!"

The school was amazed. Tom stood a moment to catch his breath, at the same time noticing a friendly smile from Becky—that seemed pay enough for a hundred lickings. Mr. Dobbins then gave the hardest licking he had ever given any boy, and Tom took it without a cry. He did not even mind staying two hours after school, for he knew that Becky would be waiting outside.

Tom went to bed that night, planning to get even with Alfred Temple. Becky had told Tom all about the speller and how she had kept the secret from him. But troubles were forgotten soon, and he fell asleep at last, thinking of Becky and what she had said to him: "Tom, how could you be so noble!"

CHAPTER XXI

The Last Day of School

Summer vacation was just a short way off. The schoolmaster, who was always stern, grew more stern and cross as each day passed. He wanted the pupils to make a good showing on the last day of school, when the parents came to hear them perform. His stick was kept busy nearly always—at least on the smaller children. Only the biggest boys and young ladies escaped his whippings. Mr. Dobbins' whippings were hard ones, too, for though his hair was gone, he had not yet reached middle age. Of course he did not show his shiny head—*that* was carefully covered by a black wig.[1] As the last day of

[1] *wig*, false covering of hair for the head.

school drew near, Mr. Dobbins seemed to take great pleasure in punishing the children for the least faults. The smaller boys spent days in fear and suffering at school. And every night they lay awake, thinking of plans to get even with the master. Many tricks were tried, but he seemed to catch the boys before they were fairly started.

At last the boys got together and hit upon a plan that was sure to work. They took into their group the painter's son, who listened with great interest while they told of his part in the plan. He wanted to get even with old Dobbins, too, for the schoolmaster lived at the painter's house and was liked none too well by the boy. The master's wife would go on a visit to the country in a few days, and there would be nothing to stop the plan. The master always prepared himself for great occasions by getting pretty well mixed-up. And the boy said that when the master had reached this state, the plan could be carried out.

The last day of school finally came. At eight o'clock in the evening the schoolhouse was brightly lighted and filled with the village people who had come to hear the children speak their pieces. The

master sat in a great chair upon a low stand, with the blackboard behind him. He looked very important. To the left near the wall sat rows of small boys and girls, washed and dressed better than usual for this great event. Seated with them were many big boys and several young ladies who were also going to perform during the evening.

Soon the exercises began. A little boy stood up and presented a speech he had learned, moving his arms with the stiff and careful motions that a machine might have used—supposing the machine to be a little out of order. But he got through without trouble and stiffly bowed and took his seat.

A little girl then stepped forward and gave "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Tom Sawyer got up proudly, and with arms flying to show his deep feeling, he started boldly into the "Give me liberty or give me death. . . ." speech. He reached the middle and stopped. A sudden fright seized him, and he looked to the master for help, but Mr. Dobbins was too far away to be heard. Tom's legs trembled under him as he tried again and again to remember the words. The large room was as quiet as

the dead of night. Everybody felt sorry for Tom and hoped that he could finish his speech, but the stillness was too much for him. He made one last try by going back over part of the speech, hoping that the lost words would come at the right time. No use; he got no farther than before. Then he turned sadly around and walked to his seat. What would Becky think of him now?

Other boys and girls followed with more speeches and more poems. At last a man from the village gave a prize to a black-eyed young lady who had given the finest speech of the evening.

And now the master beamed with pleasure, moved his chair, turned his back to the people, and began to draw a map of America on the blackboard. This map was to be used while he questioned the children. On this important night his shaking hand could not draw even lines, and a few light laughs were heard in the room. He knew what the trouble was and immediately set himself to right it. He rubbed out lines and drew others, but they looked worse than those he had drawn before, and the laughing grew a little louder. He put his whole mind to the task of drawing

s.f.

now, for he felt that all eyes were upon him. He believed that he was doing well, but the laughing continued—and grew louder.

By this time Tom had forgotten his speech. There was a hole above, over the master's head; and down through that hole came a cat, tied around the body by a string. She had a piece of cloth tied about her head and mouth to keep her from meowing. As she was let slowly down, she clawed at the air around her. She was coming straight for the master's head. The laughing grew louder and louder—the cat was now only six inches from the master—down, down, a little lower, and she set her claws in his wig. In an instant she was pulled up through the hole with the black wig still in her claws. How the light did shine upon the master's head—the painter's boy had caught him asleep at home and painted the top of his head with gold paint!

That broke up the meeting. The boys had got even at last.

Vacation began.

CHAPTER XXII

Huck Finn Takes to the Bible

Tom joined a new club during the summer because he liked the suits the members wore when they marched in parade. He promised never to smoke, drink, or swear as long as he was a member. Now he learned another important thing: to promise not to do a thing is the best way to make a person want to do that very thing. Tom soon found that he wanted to drink and swear. This he wanted to do so badly that he would have quit the club if he had not planned on parading in his suit.

Just at this time, however, Tom heard that Judge Frazer was very ill and was expected to die soon. This would call for a big funeral, and Tom's club would

that Tom can smoke when he will go. the graveyard without be noticed by others.

be all dressed up for the occasion. For three days he heard all the news that told how the judge was getting along. Sometimes Tom's hopes ran so high that he got out his suit and tried it on before the looking glass. But the judge was soon feeling better and before long was sitting up. Tom was not pleased. He quit the club and turned in his suit. That night the judge got worse again and died before morning. Tom said that he would never trust a man like that again.

The funeral was a fine thing. The club members paraded in their new suits and were very proud. It nearly killed Tom to see the parade and not be all dressed up and marching with them. But Tom was a free boy again, and there was something in that. He could drink and swear now—but he was surprised to find that he did not want to.

Tom soon discovered that there wasn't much to do during the vacation. He had more time than he could use.

By and by a Negro show came to town and caused much delighted excitement. This gave Tom and Joe Harper an idea. They got up a show of their own and were happy for two days.

Even the Fourth of July was not what it might have been, for the rain came down hard all day, and there was no parade.

A circus came. The boys played circus for three days afterwards, making tents of old cloths and sacks. They charged the children who wanted to see the show—three pins for boys and two for girls. But the fun did not last, and the circus was forgotten.

There were some parties. These were most delightful, but there were not enough of them. Life was empty after one of these parties.

Becky Thatcher had gone to her summer home to stay with her mother and father during the vacation—so there was no bright side to life anywhere.

The dreadful secret of the killing in the graveyard came to Tom's mind often. This kept him from having a good time, too.

Then Tom became sick. For two long weeks he lay in bed and knew nothing of what was happening out in the world. He was very ill. He was interested in nothing. When he got on his feet at last and went downtown, he found that a great change had come over the people. There had been a large church meet-

ing in town. Everybody—not only the older people, but also the boys and girls—had given up the Devil and were going to sin no more. Tom went looking for just one sinful face but found none. He discovered Joe studying the Bible and turned sadly away. He looked for Ben Rogers and found him carrying a basket of food, visiting the poor people. Everybody Tom met had turned "good." Even Huck Finn spoke words from the Bible. That was too much for Tom. He crept home and to bed, feeling that he alone of all the town could never be saved.

And that night there came a big storm. Thunder roared and lightning flashed, as rain was driven in sheets against the windows of Tom's room. He covered his head with the bedclothes and waited in fear for his death. Without a doubt he knew that this storm was sent down for him. He believed that he had angered the Lord by what he had done that day.

By and by the storm died, and Tom was still alive. The boy was so happy that at first he thought he would join his friends and sin no more. But his second thought was to wait—there might not be any more terrible storms.

The next day the doctors were back to see Tom. He was sick again. The three weeks he spent in bed this time seemed a year. When he got on his feet at last, he almost wished that the storm had killed him, for he remembered how sad and lonesome he had been. He felt alone in a hard world.

He walked down the street to see if he could find a friend. Soon he came upon Huck Finn and Joe Harper eating apples that they had taken. Poor boys! They – like Tom – had also changed.

CHAPTER XXIII

Muff Potter on Trial

At last the village was awake again; Muff Potter's trial came up in the court. It became the most talked of thing in the village immediately; Tom could not get away from it. Every time he heard about the body in the graveyard, a frightful trembling went through his heart. He began to think that people talked to him about it so that he would tell what happened that awful night. He did not see how they could know that he held the secret, but still he felt uneasy. This talking kept him in cold fear all the time. At last he took Huck to a lonely spot and had a talk with him. He wanted to be sure that Huck had kept the dreadful secret.

"Huck, have you told anybody about—that?"

"About what?"

"You know what."

"Oh—course I haven't!"

"Never a word?"

"Never a single word, so help me. Why?"

"Well, I was afraid."

"Why, Tom Sawyer, we wouldn't be alive two days if that got found out. You know that."

Tom felt better. After a moment he asked, "Huck, nobody could get you to tell, could they?"

"Get me to tell? Why, if I wanted that Injun to drown me, they could get me to tell. There ain't no other way."

"I suppose we're safe as long as we keep still. But let's swear again, anyway."

"All right."

They swore again that they would never tell.

"What are people saying, Huck? I've heard a lot."

"Saying? Well, it's just Muff Potter, Muff Potter all the time. It keeps me jumpy, I tell you."

"That's just the way they talk around me. Don't you feel sorry for him sometimes?"

"Nearly always. He ain't much good, but then he ain't hurt anybody. Just fishes a little—and sits around a lot. But we all do that—least most of us do—preachers and the like. But he's kind of good. And lots of times he has stood by me when I was in trouble."

"Well, he has fixed kites for me, Huck. I wish we could get him out of jail."

"My! We couldn't get him out, Tom. And besides, they would catch him again."

"Yes—so they would. But I hate to hear them say such things, when he never did—kill the doctor."

"I do too, Tom. I heard them say he's the bloodiest-looking man in this country. And they wonder why he wasn't ever hung before."

"Yes, they talk like that all the time. I've heard them say that if he was to get free, they would hang him as soon as they caught him."

"And they would *do* it, too."

The boys had a long talk, but it brought them little comfort. As darkness came, they found themselves hanging around the little jail. They hoped that something would happen to free old Muff. But nothing did happen.

The boys now did as they had often done before —they went to the window and gave Muff some tobacco and matches.

"You've been mighty good to me, boys," said Potter. "I won't forget it, I won't. Often I says to myself, 'I used to fix all the boys' kites and things. And now they all forgot old Muff. But Tom don't, and Huck don't—*they* don't forget him. And I don't forget them.'

"Well, boys, I done an awful thing. And now I got to hang for it, and that's right. Right and best, too—hope so anyway. But what I want to say is, don't *you* ever get drunk—then you won't land here.

"It's good to see faces that's friendly when a body's in trouble, and I don't see nobody's but yours. Get up on one another's backs so I can touch you. That's

it. Shake hands — little hands, not strong — but they've helped Muff Potter a lot, and they would help more if they could."

Tom went home with a sad heart, and his dreams that night were full of awful things. The next day and the day after, he hung around outside the courtroom. He wanted to go inside, but forced himself to stay outdoors. Huck did the same. They tried to keep away from each other. Each wandered from the courthouse often, but always returned before long. Tom kept his ears open when people came out of the courtroom, but he heard no good news — matters were growing worse and worse. At the end of the second day the village people said that there was little hope for Muff Potter. Injun Joe had told his story again in court, and he had told it so well that nearly everybody believed him.

Tom was out late that night and came to bed through the window. He was very much excited. It was a long time before he got to sleep.

All the village went to the courthouse the next morning, for this was to be the great day. There were almost as many women as men in the room.

After a long wait the twelve men in the jury [1] came in and took their places. Shortly afterwards Potter, pale and frightened, was brought in with chains upon him. All eyes watched the hopeless man as he sat and waited. Injun Joe was not far to one side. He, too, watched Potter. Soon the judge entered, and court was opened by the sheriff. There was much whispering among the lawyers and gathering together of papers that would be used in the trial. This sort of business helped to make the trial more interesting and important to everyone.

By and by a man was asked to go to the witness chair.[2] He said that he had seen Muff Potter washing in the brook at an early hour of the morning that the killing was discovered. After asking a few questions, the lawyer for the state said, "Take the witness."

Muff raised his eyes for a moment, but dropped them when he saw his own lawyer step forward.

"I have no questions to ask," the lawyer said.

[1] *jury*, group in a law court that swears to decide a case according to the facts presented. In this courtroom the jury was to decide whether or not Muff Potter had killed the doctor.

[2] *witness chair*. People who can give facts about a case sit in this chair while speaking before the jury.

The next witness told about finding the knife near the body of the doctor.

"Take the witness," said the lawyer for the state.

"I have no questions to ask him," Potter's lawyer again replied.

A third witness swore that he had often seen Potter with the knife.

The lawyer for the state said, "Take the witness."

"I have no questions to ask him."

The faces of the people began to look troubled. Why didn't Potter's lawyer try to save Muff? Was the lawyer going to throw the man's life away?

Many more witnesses were called to tell what they had seen at the graveyard. They also told what they knew about Muff Potter. But none of these persons was questioned by Potter's lawyer. The people watching showed that they did not like this kind of justice. And the judge was forced to make the room quiet.

The lawyer for the state now said, "You have heard these witnesses speak. By their words we have proved that Muff Potter killed the doctor. We have nothing more to say."

Poor Muff covered his face with his hands and cried. Many men felt sorry for him, and tears ran down the cheeks of many women.

"Your Honor," said Muff's lawyer, "at the beginning of this trial we said this killing was done because Muff Potter was drunk and did not know what he was doing. We have changed our mind." Then he spoke to the clerk. "Call Thomas Sawyer."

A look of surprise suddenly appeared on every face in the room. Even Potter had not expected Tom to be called. Every eye watched the boy as he rose and took his place in the witness chair. He looked wild enough, for he was badly frightened.

"Thomas Sawyer, where were you on the seventeenth of June at midnight?" asked Potter's lawyer.

Tom looked at Injun Joe's face and could not speak. The people listened for his words, but none came. After a few moments, however, the boy got his strength back and began to talk in a low voice, "In the graveyard!"

"A little bit louder, please," said the lawyer. "Don't be afraid. You were—"

"In the graveyard."

A surprised look came upon Injun Joe's face.

"Were you near Horse Williams' grave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Speak up—a little louder. How near were you?"

"Near as I am to you."

"Were you hidden or not?"

"I was hid."

"Where?"

"Behind the trees that's on the edge of the grave."

Injun Joe looked uneasy as Tom spoke.

"Was anyone with you?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir. I went there with—"

"Wait—never mind his name. We'll call him up later. Did you carry anything there?"

Tom waited a moment.

"Speak out, my boy—don't wait. It is always best to tell the truth. What did you take there?"

"Only a—a—dead cat."

This brought smiles to the faces of the people.

"We will show you the bones of that cat," said the lawyer to the crowded courtroom. "Now, my boy, tell us everything that happened. Tell it in your own way. Don't leave out anything, and don't be afraid."

Tom began, slowly at first, but he soon talked freely. In a little while his voice was the only sound in the quiet room. All eyes were fixed upon him. With heads bent to catch every last word, the people listened to the awful tale, taking no note of time. Tom told how he and Huck had gone to the graveyard with the cat. He told about the grave and the men who had been digging into it. He told about the fight, "—and as the doctor hit Muff Potter with the board, Injun Joe jumped with the knife and—"

Crash! Quick as lightning Injun Joe leaped through a window. He tore his way through a crowd of people and was gone!

CHAPTER XXIV

Fear of Injun Joe

Tom was a new hero once more. His name even was in print, for the village paper told the story and praised him highly. There were some people who believed that he would be President yet, if he were not hanged.

Muff Potter found that he had many friends, too, for the people were as nice to him now as they had been cruel to him before.

Tom was happy all through the days that followed, but his nights were filled with fear. He always dreamed about a wild-eyed Injun Joe who was trying to catch him. Hardly anyone could get the boy to go out after dark. Poor Huck was in the same state of

terror, for Tom had told the whole story to the lawyer the night before the great day in court. The poor fellow had got the lawyer to promise not to tell, but what of that? Since Tom had broken his promise about telling, Huck believed that no one could be trusted.

Every day, when he saw how happy Muff Potter had been made by freedom, Tom was glad that he had told. But every night he wished that he had kept his mouth closed.

Half the time Tom was afraid that Injun Joe would never be caught; the other half he was afraid that he would be caught. Tom was sure that he would never be safe again until that man was dead and his lifeless body had been seen.

Large sums of money had been offered to anyone who would catch the awful killer. People had searched the country for miles around, but no Injun Joe could be found.

The slow days passed on. Each day left Tom as much afraid as he had been the day before. Although everybody was looking for Injun Joe, no one had seen him since he had jumped through the window.

CHAPTER XXV

Digging for Buried Treasure

There comes a time in every boy's life when he has a burning desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure. This feeling came suddenly upon Tom one day. He went out to find Joe Harper, but Joe was nowhere to be seen. Next he looked for Ben Rogers; Ben had gone fishing. By and by he came upon Huck Finn, the Red-Handed. Huck would do as well as anyone. Tom took him to a secret spot and quietly told his plan. Huck, who was always willing to have a hand in things, said, "Is it hid all around?"

"No, of course it ain't. It's hid very careful, Huck—sometimes on islands, sometimes in chests under the limb of an old tree, just where the shadow falls at

midnight. But mostly it's hid under the floor in spooky houses."

"Who hides it?"

"Why, robbers, of course. Who did you think? Sunday-school teachers?"

"I don't know. If it was mine, I wouldn't hide it. I would spend it and have a good time."

"So would I. But robbers don't do that way. They always hide it and leave it there."

"Don't they come after it any more?"

"No, they think they will, but they nearly always forget where they hid it, or else they die. Anyway, it lays there a long time and gets black. And by and by somebody finds an old yellow paper with marks and drawings that tells how to find it."

"Have you got one of those papers, Tom?"

"No."

"Well, then, how do you think you can find the treasure?"

"I don't want any paper. They always bury treasure under an empty house that has spooks in it, or on an island, or under a dead tree that has a limb sticking out. Well, we've tried Jackson's Island a little, and we

can try there again sometime. And there's the old empty house up Still House Creek—they say it's full of spooks. Then there's lots of dead trees with a limb sticking out."

"Is it under all of them?"

"How you talk! No!"

"Then how are you going to know which tree to go for?"

"Dig under all of them."

"Why, Tom, that could take all summer."

"Well, what of that? Suppose you find a brass pot with a hundred dollars in it or an old chest full of diamonds. How's that?"

Huck's eyes glowed, and he said, "That's plenty good enough for me. Just you give me the hundred dollars, and I don't want no diamonds."

"All right. But I can tell you I ain't going to throw away any diamonds *I* find. Some of them are worth twenty dollars each. There ain't any worth less than a dollar."

"No! Is that so?"

"Of course—anybody will tell you that. Ain't you ever seen one, Huck?"

"Not that I remember."

"Oh, kings have hundreds of them."

"Well, I don't know no kings, Tom."

"I suppose you don't. But if you was to go to Europe, you would see them jumping around."

"Do they jump?"

"Jump? Of course not!"

"Well, what did you say they did for?"

"I only meant you would *see* them—not jumping, of course. What do they want to jump for? I mean you would just see them around, like old Richard."

"Richard? What's his other name?"

"He didn't have any other name. Kings don't have any but a first name."

"No?"

"But they don't," said Tom.

"Well, if they like it, Tom, all right. But I don't want to be a king and have only just a first name. But say—where are you going to dig first?"

"Well, I don't know. Suppose we start with that old dead tree on the hill near Still House Creek?"

"I'm agreed."

So they got a broken pick and a shovel and set out

on their three-mile walk. They arrived hot and tired and threw themselves down in the shade of a nearby oak tree to rest and have a smoke.

"I like this," said Tom.

"So do I."

"Say, Huck, if we find a treasure here, what are you going to do with your share?"

"Well, I'll have pie and candy every day. And I'll go to every circus that comes along. I'll have a mighty gay time, Tom."

"Well, ain't you going to save any of it?"

"Save it? What for?"

"Why, so as to have something to live on, by and by."

"Oh, that ain't of any use. Pop would come back to this here town some day and get his hands on it if I didn't hurry up and spend it. And he would clean it out pretty quick, too. What are you going to do with yours, Tom?"

"I'm going to buy a new drum, and a real sword, and a red necktie, and a spotted dog, and get married."

"Married!"

"That's it."

"Tom, you—why, you ain't in your right mind."

"Wait—you'll see."

"Well, that's the foolishest thing you could do. Look at Pop and my mother. Fight! Why, they used to fight all the time. I remember mighty well."

"That's nothing. The girl I'm going to marry won't fight."

"Tom, I think they're all alike. Now you better think about this some more. I'll tell you, you better. What's the name of the girl?"

"I'll let you know sometime—not now."

"All right, that'll do. But if you get married, I'll be more lonesomer than ever."

"No, you won't. You'll come and live with me. Now let's get up and go to digging."

They worked hard for half an hour. They found nothing. They worked again for another half hour. Still they found nothing. At last Huck said, "Do they always bury it as deep as this, Tom?"

"Sometimes—not always. I suppose we haven't got the right place."

So the boys chose a new spot and began again. They did not work as fast as they had before, but the

hole was getting deeper. Neither boy spoke as they continued digging. Finally Huck leaned on his shovel, wiped his face with the back of his hand, and said, "Where do we dig next, after we get this one?"

"I suppose maybe we'll try that old tree over on Cardiff Hill back of the widow's house."

"I guess that'll be a good one. But won't the old widow take it away from us, Tom? It's on her land."

"*She* take it away! Maybe she would like to try that once. These hid treasures belong to whoever finds them."

Then the work went on again. By and by Huck said, "We must be in the wrong place again. What do you think?"

"It *is* mighty strange, Huck. I don't understand it. Sometimes witches make trouble. I guess that's what's the trouble now."

"No, sir—witches ain't got no power in the day-time," said Huck.

"Well, that's so. I didn't think of that. Oh, *I* know what's the matter! What a lot of fools we are. You've got to find out where the shadow of the limb falls at midnight, and that's where you dig!"

"Then we've fooled away all this work for nothing. Now, hang it all, we've got to come back in the night. Can you get out of the house, Tom?"

"I sure will try. We've got to do it tonight, too. If somebody sees these holes, he'll know in a minute what's here, and he'll go for it."

"Well, I'll come around and meow tonight."

"All right. Let's hide the tools in the bushes."

The boys were there again about midnight. They sat in the shadow, waiting. It was a lonely place and an hour made spooky by old stories. Ghosts moved in the dark shadows; the deep baying of a dog floated up out of the distance, and an owl answered from a treetop. The boys sat listening to these sounds and said very little. By and by they judged that twelve o'clock had come. They marked where the shadow fell and began to dig; their hopes were high now. They became more and more interested, and the hole grew deeper and deeper. Every time their pick hit something hard, their hearts jumped. But the boys did not find the treasure.

"It ain't no use, Huck," said Tom at last. "We're wrong again."

"Well, but we *can't* be wrong. We marked the shadow to the very dot."

"I know it, but then there's another thing."

"What's that?"

"Why, we only guessed at the time. Most likely it was too early or too late," said Tom.

Huck dropped his shovel. "That's so," said he. "That's the very trouble. We've got to give this one up. We can't ever tell the right time. And besides, this thing is too awful with the witches and ghosts flying around so. I feel as if something is behind me all the time. And I'm afraid to turn around, because maybe there's others in front waiting for a chance."

"Well, I've been pretty much so, too, Huck. They most always put in a dead man when they bury a treasure under a tree. He's supposed to watch it."

"No!"

"Yes, they do. I've always heard that."

"Tom, I don't like to fool around much where there's dead people. A person always gets into trouble with them, sure."

"I don't like to stir them up, either. Suppose this one here was to stick out his head and say something!"

"Don't, Tom! It's awful."

"Well, it just is. Huck, I don't feel safe a bit."

"Say, Tom, let's try somewhere else."

"All right, I guess we better."

"Where should it be, Tom?"

Tom thought a while. Then he said, "The spooky house. That's it!"

"Blame it, I don't like spooky houses, Tom. Why, they're worse than dead people. Dead people might talk, maybe, but they don't come moving around, and peep over your shoulder, and show their teeth the way a ghost does. I couldn't stand such a thing as that, Tom—nobody could."

"Yes, but, Huck, ghosts travel around only at night. They won't stop us digging in the daytime."

"Well, that's so. But you know mighty well that people don't go about that spooky house in the day *nor* the night."

"Well, that's mostly because they don't like to go where a man has been killed. But nothing has ever been seen around that house except in the night—and those were just some blue lights slipping by the windows—no regular ghosts."

"Well, where you see one of those blue lights, Tom, you can be sure there's a ghost mighty close behind it. *You* know that, Tom."

"Yes, that's so. But anyway, they don't come around in the daytime, so why should we be afraid?"

"Well, all right. We'll try the spooky house if you say so—but I think we're taking chances."

They had started down the hill by this time. There in the middle of the moonlit valley below them stood the spooky house all alone. Its fences were gone long ago. Weeds grew up to the very doorsteps. The chimney had fallen down, and a corner of the roof had caved in. The boys looked awhile to see if any of the blue lights would appear in the windows. Then talking in low tones, they started off far to one side to go around the spooky house and took their way home through the woods.

CHAPTER XXVI

In the Spooky House

About noon the next day the boys came to the dead tree for their tools. Tom was in a hurry to go to the spooky house. Huck was quite anxious—but suddenly he said, "Look here, Tom. Do you know what day it is?"

Tom thought over the days of the week. Then he lifted his eyes with a surprised look in them—"My! I never once thought of it, Huck!"

"Well, I didn't neither, but all at once it came into my head that today was Friday."

"Blame it, a body can't be too careful, Huck. We might have got into a lot of trouble starting such a thing on Friday."

"*Might!* Better say we *would!* There's some lucky days, but Friday ain't it."

"Any fool knows that. I don't suppose *you* was the first one that found that out, Huck."

"Well, I never said I was, did I? And Friday ain't all, neither. I dreamed about rats last night."

"No! Sure sign of trouble. Did they fight?"

"No."

"Well, that's good, Huck. When they don't fight, it's only a sign that there's trouble around, you know. We'll drop this thing for today and play. Do you know Robin Hood, Huck?"

"No. Who's Robin Hood?"

"Why, he was one of the greatest men that was ever in England—and the best. He was a robber."

"Well, I wish I was. Who did he rob?"

"Only rich people and kings, and others like them. But he never robbed poor folks. He loved them. He gave them things he took from rich people."

"Well, he must have been fine."

"Yes, sir, he sure was, Huck. Oh, he was the best man that ever was. There ain't any such men now, I can tell you. He could lick any man in England, with

one hand tied behind him. And he could take his bow and arrow and hit a ten-cent piece a mile away."

"I wish I could do that."

"Let's play Robin Hood. I'll teach you."

So they played Robin Hood all afternoon. And as the sun began to sink in the west, they started for home through the long shadows of the forest.

On Saturday, shortly after noon, the boys were at the dead tree again. They had a smoke and a talk in the shade. Then they began digging in their last hole because Tom said that many people had given up a treasure after getting down within six inches of it. "Of course," he added, "somebody else always comes along and finds it with one swing of the pick." The boys did not discover the treasure this time, however, so they took their tools and went away.

When they reached the spooky house, there was something so dead and lonely about the place that they were afraid, for a moment, to go in. Then they crept to the door and took a trembling peep. They saw a small room that had no floor but the ground. The walls had no covering. An old fireplace had partly fallen down. All the glass had been broken

from the windows. In one corner was an old stairway leading to the floor above. Here, there, and everywhere hung dirty spider webs.

By and by the boys entered carefully, talking only in low whispers, listening to catch any sound, and ready for an instant getaway. In a little while their fears began to leave, and they looked around the strange room as only two boys can. Next they wanted to look upstairs. This would cut off their escape, if escape were needed, but they threw their tools into a corner and made their way up. There it

was as dirty and broken as in the downstairs room. In one corner they found a closet, but much to their sorrow, it contained no hidden treasure. Becoming bold now, they lost all fear of the spooky house. They were about to go down and begin work when Tom heard a noise.

"Sh!"

"What is it?" whispered Huck, turning white with fear.

"Sh! . . . There! . . . Hear it?"

"Yes! . . . Oh, my! Let's run!"

"Keep still! Don't you move! They're coming right toward the door."

The boys got down on the floor and put their eyes to small holes in the boards. They lay there, waiting in fear.

"They've stopped! . . . No—coming. . . . Here they are! Don't say another word, Huck. My, I wish I was out of this."

Two men came into the room. Each boy said to himself, "There's the old Spaniard that's been in town once or twice lately—he can't talk or hear a bit. The other man's new around here."

The other man was dirty, and his clothes were old. There was nothing pleasant in his cruel face. The Spaniard, who was wrapped in a long, brightly colored cloth, had bushy white whiskers. Long white hair flowed from under his brown hat, and a pair of green glasses was set on his nose. When the men came in, the stranger was talking in a low voice. They sat down on the ground, with their backs to the wall. As the man talked, his voice grew louder. "No," he said. "I don't like it. It's too dangerous."

"Dangerous!" cried the Spaniard, who could not "talk or hear." His voice was a great surprise to the boys. "What's any more dangerous than that job over the hill? But we got nothing out of that."

This voice made the boys' hearts tremble. It was Injun Joe's!

"That's different. That was way up the river, and there wasn't another house about. Won't ever be known that we tried to break in, anyway, as long as we didn't get what we was after."

"Well, what's more dangerous than coming here in the daytime? Anybody would think we was up to no good if they saw us," said Injun Joe.

"I know that. But there wasn't any other place as handy to go to after that fool job. I want to quit this house. I wanted to yesterday; only it wasn't any use trying to get out while those boys was playing over there on that hill where they could see us," said the other man.

"Those boys" shook with fear as they heard the words. They thought how lucky it was that they had remembered it was Friday and had decided not to go to the house. They wished in their hearts that they had waited a year.

The two men got out some food and ate. Neither man spoke for a long time.

"Look here," said Injun Joe at last, "you go back up the river where you belong. Wait there till you hear from me. I'll take the chance on dropping into this town just once more for a look. We'll do that dangerous job after I've looked around a little and think things look well for it. Then for Texas! We'll go together."

This seemed to please the stranger. Soon both men looked sleepy, and Injun Joe said, "I'm dead for want of rest. It's your turn to watch."

He curled up in a corner and soon began to snore. His friend stirred him once or twice, and he became quiet. By and by the watcher began to nod. His head dropped lower and lower. Now both men began to snore.

The boys drew a long breath.

"Now's our chance," said Tom. "Come!"

"I can't. I just would die if they was to wake."

Tom tried again, but Huck held back. At last Tom got up slowly and softly and started alone. But the first step he took made such a noise that he dropped down almost dead with fright. He never tried again. The boys lay there waiting. The minutes drew into years. After what seemed like an age, they were glad to note that at last the sun was setting.

Now one snore stopped. Injun Joe opened his eyes and sat up. He looked around at his friend, who was still sleeping. "Here! *You're* the watchman, ain't you?" said Injun Joe as he poked him. "All right, though—nothing's happened."

"My! Have I been asleep?"

"Looks that way. Nearly time for us to be going. What'll we do with that little bag we've got left?"

"I don't know—leave it here as we've always done, I suppose. No use to take it away till we start south. Six hundred and fifty dollars in silver is heavy."

"Well—all right—it won't hurt to come here once more."

"No—but I say to come in the night as we used to do—it's better."

"Yes, but look here. It might be a good while before I get the right chance at that job. Something might happen. It ain't in such a good place. We'll just bury the money and bury it deep."

"Good idea," said his friend, who walked across the room, took a stone from the fireplace, and pulled out a bag of money. He removed thirty dollars for himself and as much for Injun Joe. Then he gave the bag to Joe, who put it down near a hole that he had been digging in the corner.

The boys forgot all their fears when they saw the moneybag. With sharp eyes they watched every move the men made. This was luck at its best! Six hundred dollars was money enough to make half a dozen boys rich! Here was the best way to hunt treasure—you knew just where to dig. They poked

each other every moment as they watched the men below, and each poke simply meant "Oh, but ain't you glad *now* you're here."

Injun Joe was still digging with his knife. Suddenly he struck something.

"Well!" said he.

"What is it?" asked his friend.

"A board—no—it's a box, I believe. Here—give me a hand, and we'll see what it's here for. Never mind, I've broke a hole." He reached his hand in and drew it out—"Man, it's money!"

The two men looked carefully at the handful of coins. They were gold. The two boys upstairs were as excited and delighted as the men.

"We'll make quick work of this," said Joe's friend. "There's an old pick over in the corner on the other side of the fireplace—I saw it a minute ago."

He ran and brought the boys' pick and shovel. Injun Joe took the pick and looked at it carefully. He shook his head, said something to himself, and began to use the pick. The box was soon brought to the top of the ground. It was not a very large box. It was bound with iron and had been very strong be-

fore the slow years had aged it. The men opened the box and stood for a few moments in silence, looking at the gold.

"My friend, there's thousands of dollars there," said Injun Joe.

"Was always said that Murrel's men used to be around here one summer," the stranger said.

"I know it," said Injun Joe. "And this looks like it, I should say."

"Now you won't need to do that job."

The dark man smiled, "You don't know me. At least you don't know all about that thing. It ain't to steal something only—it's to get *even!*" And a wicked light flamed in his eyes. "I'll need your help in it. When it's finished, we go to Texas. Get home to your Nance and your kids and wait till you hear from me."

"Well—if you say so. What'll we do with this—bury it again?"

"Yes." (The boys above were glad.) "No! By the great guns—no!" (Now the boys were heart-sick.) "I'd nearly forgot. That pick had fresh earth on it!" (The boys were sick with terror in a mo-

ment.) "What business has a pick and shovel here? What business with fresh earth on them? Who brought them here—and where are they gone? Have you heard anybody—seen anybody? What! Bury it again and leave them to come and see the ground moved? Oh, no—we'll take it to my place."

"Why, of course! I might have thought of that before. You mean to Number One?"

"No—Number Two—under the cross. The other place is bad. Too many people go by there."

"All right. It's nearly dark enough to start."

"Who could have brought those tools?" asked Injun Joe when he had finished peeping out of every window. "Do you think they're upstairs?"

The boys now shook with fear. Injun Joe put his hand on his knife, stopped a moment, undecided, and turned toward the stairway. Tom and Huck thought of hiding in the closet, but they were too frightened to move. The footsteps came slowly up the stairs. The boys, with new courage, were about to spring for the closet, when suddenly there was a crash of falling boards. Injun Joe landed on the ground, with the broken stairway all about him. In a moment or two

he got up, cursing madly. "Now what's the use of all that? If it's anybody, and they're upstairs, let them stay there. Who cares! If they want to jump down now and get into trouble, let them. It will be dark in fifteen minutes — then let them follow us if they want to. I'm willing. I think whoever brought those tools in here caught sight of us and thought we were ghosts or devils or something. Most likely they're running through the woods yet."

Shortly afterwards the men slipped out of the house and moved toward the river with their box.

Tom and Huck got up. They were still shaking as they looked after the men through the cracks in the wall. Follow them? Not they. They were glad to reach ground again without broken necks and take the path over the hill toward home. They did not talk much. They were thinking about what fools they had been to take the tools into the house. If it had not been for the pick and shovel, Injun Joe would have hidden the silver with the gold. Then he would have waited until he had "got even" and come for the money, only to find that it was missing. Oh, why had they brought the tools there?

They decided to keep a lookout for that Spaniard when he came to town. Then they would follow him to "Number Two," whatever that might be. Suddenly Tom had a terrible thought.

"Get even? What if he means *us*, Huck!"

"Oh, don't!" said Huck, nearly fainting.

They talked it all over. Finally they agreed that Injun Joe might have meant somebody else—at least he might have meant only Tom, since Huck had not told his story in court.

It was not pleasant for Tom to think that he was in danger alone. It would have been much better to have had company.

CHAPTER XXVII

Tom Hunts for Number Two

Tom had bad dreams that night. Four times he put his hands on that rich treasure, but each time he opened his eyes, the money was gone. As he lay in bed in the early morning, thinking about the happenings of the day before, he noticed that they also seemed like a dream. One thing made this thought seem true—there had been too many coins in the box. He had never seen as much as fifty dollars and did not think that so much real money could be in one pile. He thought that people who spoke of "hundreds" and "thousands" of dollars were making things up—there just *wasn't* that much money in the whole world. And certainly no one person ever

owned so large a sum as one hundred dollars. If Tom's idea of hidden treasure had been known, it would have been found to consist of a handful of real pennies.

But when he thought of other events that had happened the day before, he began to wonder if the treasure had been a dream, after all. He would eat his breakfast in a hurry and find Huck.

Huck was sitting on a flatboat, with his feet in the water, looking very sad indeed. Tom decided not to ask questions, but to let Huck talk. If he started to talk about the treasure, then Tom would know that it was not a dream.

"Hello, Huck!"

"Hello, yourself."

Silence for a minute.

"Tom, if we'd left those tools at the dead tree, we would have got the money. Oh, ain't it awful?"

"It ain't a dream then! It ain't a dream! Somehow I almost wish it was. Yes, I do, Huck."

"What ain't a dream?"

"Oh, that thing yesterday. I been half thinking it was."

"Dream! If those stairs hadn't broke down, you would have seen how much of a dream it was! I had dreams enough all night—with that old Spanish devil going for me all through them."

"We'll have to find him and get the money!" said Tom firmly.

"Tom, we'll never find him. A fellow don't have more than one chance for such a pile—and that one's lost. I would feel mighty frightened if I was to see him, anyway."

"Well, so would I. But I would like to see him, anyway—and follow him out—to his Number Two."

"Number Two—yes, that's it. I been thinking about that. But I can't make nothing out of it. What do you think it is?" asked Huck.

"I don't know. It's too deep. Say, Huck—maybe it's the number of a house."

"Goody! . . . No, Tom, it ain't that. If it is, it ain't in this one-horse town. There ain't no numbers on houses here."

"Well, that's so. Let me think a minute. Here—it's the number of a room—in a hotel, you know!"

"Oh, that's the trick! There's only two hotels here. We can find out quick."

"You stay here, Huck, till I come."

Tom was off at once. He did not care to have Huck with him when he went uptown. He was gone half an hour. Tom found that Number Two room in the best hotel had been long occupied by a young man who was still using it. Number Two room in the other hotel was a mystery. The keeper's young son said that it was kept locked all the time. He never saw anybody go into it or come out of it except at night. He did not know why this was so, but he wanted to find out. For a while he had thought that ghosts were in the room. He had noticed a light in there the night before.

"That's what I found out, Huck. I think that's the very Number Two we're after."

"I guess it is, Tom. Now what are you going to do?"

"Let me think."

Tom thought a long time and then said, "I'll tell you. The back door of that Number Two is the door that comes out into that alley between the hotel and

the old store. Now you get hold of all the keys you can find. And I'll get all of Aunt Polly's keys and the first dark night we'll go and try them. And you be sure to keep a lookout for Injun Joe. You know he said he was going to drop into town and look around for a chance to get even. If you see him, just follow him. And if he don't go to that Number Two, that ain't the place."

"Lordy, I don't want to follow him by myself!"

"Why, it'll be night, sure. He might not even see you—and if he did, maybe he would never think anything about it."

"Well, if it's pretty dark, I guess I'll follow him. I don't know—I don't know. I'll try."

"*I*'ll follow him if it's dark, Huck. Why, he might have found out he couldn't get even and be going right after the money."

"It's so, Tom, it's so. I'll follow him, I will!"

"Now you're talking! Don't you ever weaken, Huck, and I won't."

CHAPTER XXVIII

A Narrow Escape

That night Tom and Huck were ready to try the door. They stayed around the hotel until after nine o'clock. One boy was watching the front door, and the other was watching the dark alley. But nobody who looked like the Spaniard went into the hotel or came out of it. The night appeared to be mild and fair, so Tom went home to bed with the understanding that if it turned very dark, Huck was to come and meow. Then Tom was to slip out of the window, and they would try their keys in the door of room Number Two. But the night was clear, and Huck stopped watching at midnight and went to sleep in an empty sugar barrel.

Tuesday the boys had the same luck. The night was not dark enough. Wednesday was the same. But Thursday night looked better. About nine thirty Tom slipped through the window, carrying his aunt's lantern and a towel. He hid the lantern in Huck's barrel, and then the boys began to watch. An hour before midnight the hotel closed, and its lights (the only ones around) were put out. No Spaniard had been seen. Nobody had entered or left the alley. Everything was right for the boys. The night was dark, and the perfect stillness was broken only by far-off thunder.

Tom got his lantern, lighted it in the barrel, and wrapped the towel around it so the light could not be seen by others. Then the boys crept through the

darkness toward the hotel. Huck stood watch near the alley, and Tom felt his way toward the door. Now there was a long period of waiting that lay upon Huck's spirits like a mountain. He began to wish that he could see Tom's lantern. It would frighten him, but it would let him know that Tom was still alive. To Huck it seemed hours since Tom had left—what could have happened to him? Maybe he was dead; maybe he had been frightened to death. Huck found himself going closer and closer to the alley. He feared all sorts of dreadful things, and his heart beat so fast that it seemed about to wear itself out. Suddenly there was a flash of light, and Tom came flying by him.

"Run!" cried Tom. "Run for your life!"

Huck was making thirty or forty miles an hour before Tom had a chance to repeat those words. The boys never stopped until they came to an old shed at the lower end of the village. Just as they got in, the storm burst, and the rain poured down.

"Huck, it was awful!" said Tom, as soon as he got his breath. "I tried two of the keys just as soft as I could. But they made such a power of noise that

I was nearly frightened to death. They wouldn't turn the lock, either. Well, without noticing what I was doing, I turned the knob, and open comes the door! It wasn't locked! I stepped in and shook off the towel, and *Lordy!*"

"What—what did you see, Tom?"

"Huck, I almost stepped onto Injun Joe's hand!"

"No!"

"Yes! He was laying there, sound asleep on the floor, with his arms spread out."

"What did you do? Did he wake up?"

"No, he never moved. Drunk, I guess. I just took the towel and started!"

"I would never thought of the towel."

"Well, *I* would. My aunt would make me mighty sick if I lost it."

"Say, Tom, did you see the box?"

"Huck, I didn't wait to look around. I didn't see the box. I didn't see anything but a bottle and a cup on the floor by Injun Joe. Yes, and I saw two barrels and lots more bottles in the room."

"Say, Tom, now's a mighty good time to get that box if Injun Joe's drunk."

"It is that! You try it!"

"Well, no—I guess not," said Huck.

"And *I* guess not, Huck. Only one bottle beside Injun Joe ain't enough. If there'd been three, he would be drunk enough, and I would do it."

Neither boy spoke for a long time.

"Look here, Huck, let's not try that thing any more till we know Injun Joe's not there. It's too much danger. Now, if we watch every night, we'll be dead sure to see him go out some time or other. Then we'll get that box as quick as lightning."

"All right, Tom. I'll watch the whole night long. And I'll do it every night, too, if you'll do the other part of the job."

"All right, I will. All you got to do is come and meow. And if I'm asleep, you throw some sand at my window, and that'll wake me."

"That's good as gold."

"Now, Huck, the storm's over, and I'll go home. It'll be daylight in a couple of hours. You go back and wait that long, will you?"

"I said I would, Tom, and I will. I'll watch that hotel every night for a year!"

"That's all right. Now, where will you sleep?"

"In Ben Rogers's hayshed. He lets me, and so does Uncle Jake. I get water for Uncle Jake whenever he wants me to. And any time I ask him, he gives me a little something to eat if he can spare it."

"Well, if I don't want you in the daytime, I'll let you sleep. I won't come around and trouble you. Any time you see something is up in the night, just come over and meow."

CHAPTER XXIX

Huck Saves the Widow

The first thing Tom heard on Friday morning was good news—Judge Thatcher's family had come back to town the night before. Injun Joe and the treasure were forgotten for a while, and Becky took the chief place in his interest. He saw her at nine o'clock that morning, and they had a good time playing games with some of their friends.

Becky begged her mother to have the long-promised picnic on the next day, and the child was indeed delighted when the answer was "Yes." Tom was no less happy. All Becky's friends were invited before sunset, and immediately the young folks of the village began looking forward to the gay event. That night

Tom was up pretty late getting his things ready for the next day. He had high hopes of hearing Huck meow and of going down and getting the treasure. Then he could show it to Becky and all her friends at the picnic. But Huck's call did not come that night.

By ten o'clock in the morning a gay and laughing group of children was gathered at Judge Thatcher's house. Everything was ready for a start. The old people were not going along, for they might spoil the fun. Moreover, three young ladies of eighteen or twenty and three young men of twenty-three were thought to be well able to take care of the crowd. Soon the merry children, carrying baskets, moved up the main street toward the old steam ferry-boat that was to take them to the picnic place. Sid was sick and had to miss the fun, so Mary stayed at home to keep him company.

The last thing Mrs. Thatcher said to Becky was: "You'll not be back till late. Tonight you ought to stay with a girl who lives near the ferry landing."

"Then I'll stay with Susie Harper, Mother."

"Very well. And mind and be good, and don't be any trouble."

As they started off, Tom said to Becky, "Say — I'll tell you what we'll do. Instead of going to Susie's house we'll climb right up the hill and stop at the Widow Douglas's house. She'll have ice cream! She has it most every day — loads of it. And she'll be awful glad to have us."

"Oh, that will be fun! But, Tom, what will my mother say?"

"How'll she ever know?"

The girl thought a moment and then said slowly, "I suppose it's wrong — but — "

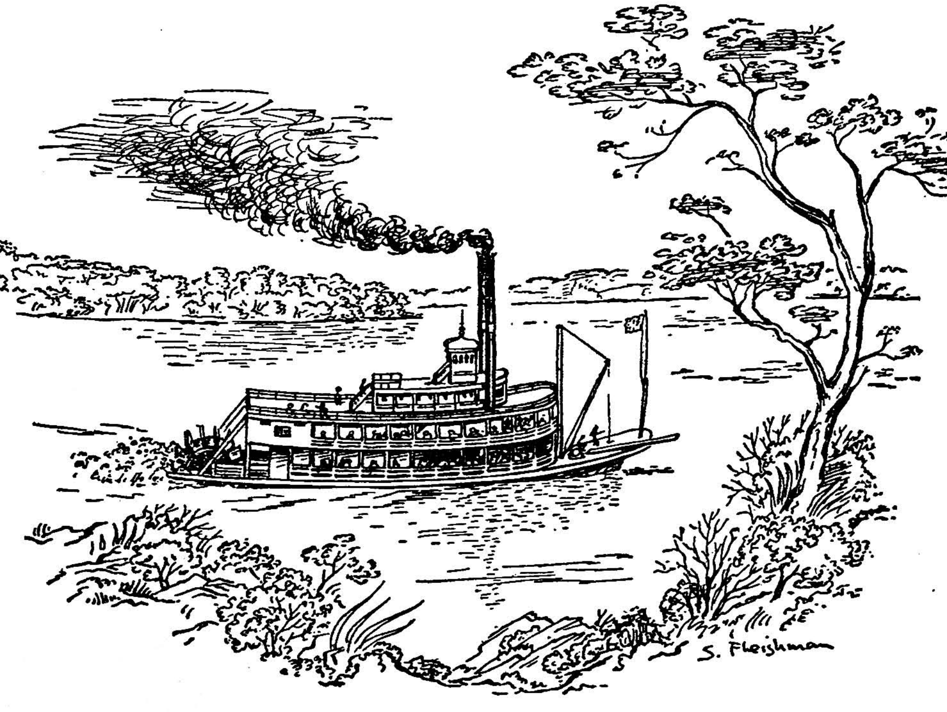
"But nothing! Your mother won't know, so what's the harm? She just wants to be sure you'll be safe. And I think she would have said to go there if she'd thought of it. I know she would!"

Tom's words and the thought of the ice cream proved to have their own special power, so Becky decided to go to the widow's house for the night. Both children agreed to say nothing about their plan.

By and by Tom began to think that Huck might come this very night to get him. This thought took away some of his gay spirit, but still he could not bear to give up the fun at the widow's. "Why should

I give it up?" he thought. "Huck didn't come last night, so why would he come tonight?" Tom then decided not to think of the money again that day.

Three miles below town the ferryboat stopped at a beautiful green spot and tied up. The children ran ashore, and soon the forest and hills were filled with shouts and merry laughs. All the different ways of getting hot and tired were tried, and by and by the children came back to camp, tired and hungry. The good feast prepared by Becky's mother was soon eaten, followed by resting and talking in the pleasant



shade of the large oak trees. By and by somebody shouted, "Who's ready for the cave?"

Everybody was. A candle was then given to each child, and everyone climbed up to the mouth of the cave on the hillside. Beyond a great wooden door which covered the opening was a small hallway, cold as an icehouse. It was exciting to stand there in the dark and look out upon the green valley shining in the sun. But the watching soon stopped, and the playing began, for whenever a candle was lighted, there was a great rush toward the owner of it. A struggle followed, but the candle was soon knocked down or blown out, and then a new chase began.

By and by the playing stopped, and the group of children went marching down the main hall of the cave. The walls rose sixty feet high in some places and came together in a sharp point. Every few steps other halls branched out from the main hall, which was about eight or ten feet wide. It was said that one might wander days and nights through these many halls and never find the end of the cave. It was also said that a person could go down and down into the earth through the many holes and never reach the

bottom. No man had seen all the cave. Most of the young men had walked through a part of it, but they never went farther than this known part. Tom Sawyer knew as much of the cave as anyone.

The children moved along the main hall for nearly a mile. Then small groups began to go into side halls and hide from each other. They were often surprised to find that they ran into one another at points where the halls joined. They had a good time in this way without going farther than was safe.

By and by one group after another came back to the mouth of the cave, laughing, dirty with clay from head to foot, and thoroughly delighted with their trip. Then they were surprised to find that they had been taking no note of time. It was now nearly dark. The ferryboat bell had been ringing for the past half-hour to call them back. However, this was an exciting end to an exciting day, and when the ferryboat pushed into the stream, nobody but the captain cared how late the hour was.

Huck was already on his hotel watch when the lights of the ferryboat went past the town. The night was growing cloudy and dark. Ten o'clock came, and

most of the town noise stopped. Here and there lights began to go out, and the last few people headed for home. At eleven o'clock the hotel lights were put out; darkness was everywhere now. Huck waited for a long time, but nothing happened. He began to be afraid that nothing would happen. Was there any use? Why not give it up and go to sleep?

Suddenly he heard a noise. The back door of Number Two closed softly. He hid near a corner of the brick store. In a moment two men passed by him, and one seemed to have something under his arm. It must be that box! They were taking the treasure away! Why call Tom now? It would not do—the men would get away with the box and never be found again. No, he would follow them himself. So Huck stepped out and crept along behind the men. With bare feet he made no noise, and he kept far behind the men, barely able to see their shadowy forms in the darkness.

They moved up the river street three blocks. Then they turned to the left and walked up a cross street. They went straight ahead, then, until they came to a path that led up Cardiff Hill. This they took. They

passed the old Welshman's house halfway up the hill. They never stopped, but kept climbing. "Good," thought Huck. "They'll bury it in the old stone pit." But the men didn't stop at the stone pit. They kept going until they reached the top of the hill. Here they took a narrow path through the tall bushes and were at once hidden in the darkness.

Huck moved closer now, for they would never be able to see him. He ran a short way, then stopped, fearing that he had gained too fast. He listened, but heard no sound other than the beating of his own heart. He saw no one. The hooting of an owl soon came over the hill, but no footsteps sounded! Heavens, was everything lost? He was about to spring with winged feet, when a man cleared his throat not four feet from him! Huck's heart shot into his mouth, but he swallowed it again. He stood there shaking as if he were about to fall apart. And he was so weak that he thought he would surely fall to the ground. Suddenly he knew where he was—he was within five steps of the gate on Widow Douglas' grounds. "Very well," he thought, "let them bury it there. It won't be hard to find."

Now Huck heard a voice—a very low voice. It was Injun Joe's: "Darn her, maybe she's got company. There's lights on, late as it is."

"I can't see any," came from the other man. He was the stranger who had been with Injun Joe at the spooky house.

Cold fear seized Huck's heart. This, then, was the job to "get even." He wanted to run. Then he remembered that the Widow Douglas had been kind to him more than once. Maybe these men were going to kill her. He wished that he could go and tell her, but he knew he could not do that without being caught. Then he heard voices again: "The bush is in your way. Now—this way. Now you see, don't you?"

"Yes. Well, there *is* company there, I guess. Better give it up."

"Give it up and just leave this country forever! Give it up and maybe never have another chance! I tell you again, as I've told you before—I don't care for her money. You can have it. But her husband was hard on me—he was the judge who had me put in jail as a loafer. And that ain't all. He had me *horse-whipped!* Horsewhipped in front of the jail—with

all the town looking on! HORSEWHIPPED! Do you understand? Then he died before I could get even with him. But I'll take it out of *her*."

"Oh, don't kill her! Don't do that!"

"Kill? Who said anything about killing? I would kill *him* if he was here, but not her. When you want to get even with a woman, you don't kill her. You go for her looks. You cut her nose—you put holes in her ears like a pig!"

"But Joe, that's—"

"Keep your thoughts to yourself! It's none of your affair. I'll tie her to the bed. If she bleeds to death, is that my fault? I'll not cry if she does. My friend, you'll help me in this thing—for my sake—that's why you're here—I might not be able to do it alone. If you don't, I'll kill you. Do you understand that? And if I have to kill you, I'll kill her—then *nobody* will ever know much about who done this business."

"Well, if it's got to be done, let's get at it. The sooner, the better—I'm shaking now."

"Do it *now*? With company there? It looks as if you want me to get caught. No—we'll wait till the lights are out. There's no hurry."

Huck crept softly away from the two men. He was careful not to make the least sound. When he was out of hearing, he set his heels to the wind and flew. Down the hill he went until he reached the Welshman's house. He beat on the door, and soon the heads of the old man and his two strong sons appeared in the windows.

"What's the matter? Who's making that noise? What do you want?"

"Let me in quick," cried Huck wildly. "I'll tell everything."

"Why, who are you?" asked the old man.

"Huckleberry Finn—quick, let me in!"

If it is a man that can make [illegible]

"Huckleberry Finn, indeed! That name won't open many doors, I'm afraid. But let him in, boys, and let's see what's the trouble."

"Please don't ever tell *I* told you," were Huck's first words when he got in. "Please don't—I would be killed sure. But the widow has been good friends to me sometimes, and I want to tell. I *will* tell if you promise you won't ever say it was me who told."

"By George, he *has* got something to tell, or he wouldn't act so!" said the old man. "Out with it, and nobody here will ever tell, my boy."

Three minutes later the old man and his two sons, with their guns, were on their way up the hill. Huck went as far as the top with them. Here he hid behind a large stone and began to listen. There was a long silence, and then all of a sudden he heard the crack of guns, followed by a cry.

Huck did not wait to hear more. He ran down the hill as fast as his legs could carry him.

That name won't open many do[ors]
It is a name that can open th[em]
[illegible] day or night

CHAPTER XXX

A Secret Is Discovered

Just as day began to break, Huck was climbing the hill to the Welshman's. He knocked gently on the door. The family was asleep, but soon the old man came to the window and called, "Who's there?"

"Please let me in! It's only Huck Finn!"

"It's a name that can open this door night or day, my boy. We're glad to have you come!" These were strange words to Huck's ears, but he had never been more pleased with any others. The door was quickly opened, and Huck entered. He was given a seat, and the old man and his sons dressed themselves.

"Now, my boy, I hope you're good and hungry. Breakfast will be ready as soon as the sun's up—it's

going to be a hot one, too. I and the boys hoped you would turn up and stop here last night."

"I was awful frightened," said Huck, "and I run after the guns went off. I didn't stop for three miles. I've come now to find out what happened. And I come before daylight because I didn't want to run into them devils, even if they was dead."

"Well, you poor boy, you look as if you'd had a hard night of it. But there's a bed here for you when you've had your breakfast. No, they ain't dead, lad—we're sorry enough for that. You see, we knew just where to put our hands on them after what you told us. So we crept along till we got within fifteen feet of them—that path was dark as a closet—and just then I found I was going to sneeze. It was the worst kind of luck! I tried to keep it back, but no use—it was bound to come, and it did come! I was in the lead with my gun raised when it happened, and when I heard those fellows run, I cried 'Fire, boys!' And I shot at the place the noise came from. So did the boys. But those fellows were off in a hurry through the woods, and we after them. They each fired a shot at us, but the shots went wild and didn't touch us.

"As soon as we lost the sound of their feet, we quit chasing and got the sheriff. He rounded up a group of men and went off to the riverbank to guard. And as soon as daylight comes, they're going to search the woods. My boys will be with them shortly.

"I wish we knew what those devils looked like—would help a lot. You couldn't see them, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said Huck. "I saw them downtown and followed them."

"Fine! What did they look like, lad?"

"One is the old Spaniard that has been around here once or twice. And the other man is a mean-looking, dirty—"

"That's enough, lad. We know the men! I saw them in the woods back of the widow's one day. They looked as if they'd been up to something. Off with you, boys, and tell the sheriff. Get your breakfast tomorrow morning!"

As the Welshman's sons were leaving, Huck cried, "Oh, please don't tell anybody it was me that told on them! Oh, please!"

"All right, if you say it, Huck. But you ought to have the praise for what you did."

"Oh, no, no! Please don't tell!"

When the young men were gone, the old Welshman looked at Huck. "They won't tell," he said, "and I won't. But why don't you want it known?"

Huck said that he already knew too much about one of those men. If the man found out, he would kill him for sure.

"Well, I won't tell—you can be sure of that. But how did you come to follow those men, lad? Did they look bad to you?"

"Well, you see, I couldn't sleep last night because of thinking what a bad life I lead—like people say—so I come along up the street about midnight. And when I got to the old brick store by the river hotel, I backed up to the wall to have another think. Well, just then along comes these two men slipping close by me. One man had something under his arm, and I thought they'd been stealing it. One was smoking, and the other one wanted a light, so they stopped right before me, and the cigars lighted up their faces. And I see that the big one was the Spaniard who can't hear nor talk—I see his long, white hair. And the other one was a dirty-looking devil."

"Could you see the dirt by the light of the cigars?"

Huck was surprised for a moment. Then he said, "Well, I don't know—but somehow it seems as if I did."

"Then they went on, and you—"

"Followed them—yes. That was it. I wanted to see what was up—they moved along so secret like. I followed them to the widow's gate. Then the Spaniard said he would spoil the widow's looks, just as I told you and your two—"

"What! The man who can't speak nor hear *said* all that!"

Huck had made a bad mistake! He was trying his best to keep the old man from knowing who the Spaniard was, and yet every time he spoke, his tongue got him deeper into trouble. He tried several times to change what he had said, but the old man's eyes were upon him, and Huck made the story worse and worse.

"My boy, don't be afraid of me," said the old man. "I wouldn't hurt a hair on your head for all the world. No, I would help you—I would help you. This Spaniard *can* hear and speak. You let that out without meaning to. You can't cover that up now. You know

something about that Spaniard that you don't want to tell. Now trust me—tell me what it is, and trust me—I won't tell on you."

Huck looked into the old man's honest eyes a moment. Then he bent over and whispered in the Welshman's ear, "He ain't a Spaniard—he's Injun Joe!"

The Welshman almost jumped out of his chair. After a few moments he said, "I begin to understand it now. When you spoke about cutting noses and making holes in ears, I thought you were fooling with us, because white men don't get even that way. But an Injun! That's different."

They talked on as they ate breakfast. By and by the old man said that he and his sons had got a lantern the night before and had looked near the widow's gate for blood.

"We couldn't find a drop of blood, but we did find a bag of—"

"Of what?" asked Huck, all excited.

If the words had been lightning, they could not have leaped out of Huck's lips faster. His eyes were wide open now, and he did not breathe while waiting for an answer. The Welshman looked hard at Huck

—for three seconds—five seconds—ten seconds. Then he answered, "Of robber's tools. Why, what's the *matter* with you?"

Huck fell back in his chair. A great load had just been lifted from his mind. The Welshman looked at him again for a few moments. "Yes, robber's tools," he said. "That appears to make you happy. But what made you so excited just now? What did you think we would find?"

Huck was in a close place now—the old man's eyes were upon him. Huck would have given anything for a good answer. He could not tell the truth—and the old man's eyes were looking deeper and deeper into him. Then an answer came to the boy's mind. It made no sense, but he had to say something. "Sunday-school books, maybe."

Poor Huck was too uneasy to smile. But the old man laughed loud and long, shaking from head to foot. He said that such a laugh was worth money because it cut down the doctor's bills like everything.

"Poor boy," said the old man by and by, "you look pale. You ain't well a bit—no wonder you talk

flighty. But you'll come out of it. Rest and sleep will fix you up all right, I hope."

Huck was unhappy to think that he had been such a goose and acted so excited. When he had first seen those men the night before, he had believed that the bag they carried was the treasure. He had thought this until he heard the men talk near the Widow Douglas'. Then he had begun to think that the bag was something else. But he had only *thought* that it was not the treasure—he had not *known* that it wasn't. Now he was glad to know the truth about it. The color came back to his cheeks, and he felt better, for the treasure must still be in Number Two. He was sure that the men would be caught and put in jail that day. Then he and Tom could get the gold.

Just as breakfast was over, there was a knock at the door. Huck jumped for a hiding place, for he did not want to be connected with the events of the night before. The Welshman let in some ladies and gentlemen, including the Widow Douglas. The old man noticed that many people were climbing the hill to see what had happened near the widow's gate. The story must have traveled fast.

The Welshman had to tell the story of the night to the visitors. The widow, needless to say, was happy to have been saved and expressed her thanks freely.

"Say no more about it," said the old man. "There is another who had more to do with it than my boys and I, but he won't let me tell his name. We wouldn't have been there if it hadn't been for him."

Of course this created an excitement so great that the main matter was almost forgotten. Everybody begged the old man to tell, but he would not. He wanted them to know that he never went back on his word.

"I went to sleep reading in bed," said the widow finally, "and didn't hear any of that noise. Why didn't you come and wake me?"

"We thought it wasn't worth while," said the old man. "Those fellows weren't likely to come again—they didn't have any tools left to work with. And what was the use of waking you up and frightening you to death? My three men guarded your house all the rest of the night. They've just come back."

More visitors came. And the story had to be told over and over for a couple of hours more.

CHAPTER XXXI

Tom and Becky in the Cave

There was no Sunday school during the summer vacation, but everybody was early at church. There was much talk about what had happened the night before. News came that not a sign of the two bad men had been seen. When the service was finished, Judge Thatcher's wife stepped up to Mrs. Harper as she was going out.

"Is my Becky going to sleep all day?" she asked. "I just thought she would be tired to death."

"Your Becky?" asked Mrs. Harper.

"Yes," with a surprised look. "Didn't she stay with you all night?"

"Why, no."

Mrs. Thatcher turned pale and dropped into the nearest seat. Just then Aunt Polly came up—"Good morning, Mrs. Thatcher. Good morning, Mrs. Harper. I've got a boy that's missing. I suppose my Tom stayed at your house last night, one of you. And now he's afraid to come to church. I've got to settle with that boy."

Mrs. Thatcher shook her head and turned paler than ever.

"He didn't stay with us," said Mrs. Harper, beginning to look uneasy.

Aunt Polly looked troubled, too—"Joe Harper, have you seen Tom this morning?"

"No, I haven't."

"When did you see him last?"

Joe tried to remember, but he was not sure that he could say. The people had stopped moving out of the church. Whispers passed along, and a troubled look appeared on every face. All children and young teachers were asked if they had seen the missing boy and girl. They said they had not noticed whether Tom and Becky had been on board the ferryboat on the return trip. It had been dark. No one had

thought of looking to find out if anyone was missing. One young man finally said that he was afraid they were still in the cave! Mrs. Thatcher fainted away. Aunt Polly started crying.

The news went from lip to lip, from group to group, and from street to street. Within five minutes the bells were ringing, and the whole town was up! The robbers were forgotten. Horses were made ready. The ferryboat was ordered out. And before the news was half an hour old, two hundred men were pouring down the road and river toward the cave.

All that long afternoon the village seemed empty and dead. Many women visited Aunt Polly and Mrs. Thatcher and tried to comfort them. They cried with them, too, which was still better than any words they could say. All night long the town waited for news. But when morning dawned at last, all the word that came was "Send more candles—and send food." Mrs. Thatcher was almost mad. Aunt Polly was, also! Judge Thatcher sent messages of hope from the cave, but they brought no real cheer to the homes.

The old Welshman came home toward daylight,

covered with clay and almost worn out. He found Huck in bed and sick with fever. The doctors were all at the cave, so the Widow Douglas came and took care of the boy. She said that whether he was good or bad, he was the Lord's, and nothing that was the Lord's should go uncared for.

About noon many of the searchers began to come back to the village. But the strongest of the men stayed to keep on hunting. News came to the town that the whole cave, including places never before visited, was being searched. Lights could be seen on all sides, and shouts could be heard everywhere.

In one place, far away from the wide main hall, the names BECKY AND TOM had been found on the walls of the cave. Near at hand was a piece of green ribbon. Mrs. Thatcher had asked for it, saying that it was the last thing Becky had left before she died. Then the sad mother had cried on and on.

Now and then a light could be seen far away in the cave, and some of the men would think that they had found the children. But when they would reach the spot, with high hope in their hearts, sorrow always followed. Tom and Becky were not there; it was only a searcher's light.

Three dreadful days and nights slowly passed, and the village finally gave up hope of finding the children. No one had heart for anything.

Huck got well enough to ask if any news had come from the hotel since he had been ill.

"Yes," said the widow.

Huck started up in bed. "What! What was it?"

"They found them selling hard drink! The place has been shut up. Lie down, child—lie down."

"Only tell me just one thing—only just one—please! Was it Tom Sawyer that found it?"

The widow burst into tears. "Be quiet, child, be quiet. I've told you before—you are very, very sick."

Huck lay there thinking. Then nothing but hard drink had been found. There would have been great talk if it had been the gold. So the treasure was gone forever! But what could she be crying about?

As these thoughts were going through his mind, he fell asleep, and the widow said to herself, "There—he's asleep, poor boy. Did Tom Sawyer find it! It's a pity somebody can't find Tom Sawyer! But there ain't many men left now who are strong enough, and have hope enough, to go on hunting."

CHAPTER XXXII

"Tom, Tom, We're Lost!"

Now to see what happened to Tom and Becky. They followed along the dark main hall with the rest of the party, visiting the wonders of the cave. When the other children began to leave the group to run down the many side halls, Tom and Becky joined them. But soon they grew tired of following others. They wandered into one of the more winding halls, holding up their candles to read names and dates that had been written on the rock. Still talking as they walked along, they hardly noticed that they now were in a part of the cave whose walls showed no smoky letters. They wrote their names under an overhanging rock and moved on.

Soon they came to a place where a little stream, carrying limestone matter with it, had formed a falls of beautiful stone. Since Tom was small, he stepped behind the falls with his candle so that Becky might see the lacy stone lighted in all its glory. But he found that the falls hid a steep, natural stairway leading down into the lower caves, and at once the desire to be a discoverer seized him.

He called for Becky, who was willing to go along, and together they made a smoke mark that would guide them back later. Then winding this way and that, they slowly followed the dark stairs far down to another secret cave below the one from which they had started. Here Tom put another smoke mark on the wall, and they walked off in search of new things to tell their friends about.

In one place they found a cave from whose top hung something that looked like ice. Parts of this were nearly the size of a man's leg, and when Tom held his candle up toward them, they shone in the light. The children walked all about this cave, wondering and admiring, and finally left by one of the halls that opened into it.

This hall soon brought them to a spring whose shining sides were as white as salt. The walls of the cave here looked like salt, too, and under the roof bats had packed themselves together, thousands in a bunch. When these creatures of the dark saw the lights that the children carried, they flew down by the hundreds and struck fiercely at the candles. Tom knew the danger of being in complete blackness if the bats put out the lights. He seized Becky's hand and hurried her into one of the small halls leading away from the cave. And he was just in time, for one of the bats had put out Becky's candle.

The bats chased the children a long way, but Tom and Becky ran into each new hall they came to and at last saw the bats no more. Tom soon discovered a lake that stretched itself into the shadows of the cave. He wanted to see how large it was, but decided to sit

down and rest before starting out again. Now, for the first time, the children began to wonder about the rest of the party.

"Why, I didn't notice, but it seems ever so long since I heard any of the others," said Becky.

"Come to think of it, Becky, we are away down below them. I don't know how far away north, or south, or east, or whatever it is. We couldn't hear them here."

Becky was frightened. "I wonder how long we've been down here, Tom. We better start back."

"Yes, I think we better. Yes, we better go."

"Can you find the way, Tom? It's all mixed up to me."

"I guess I can find it—but then the bats. If they put both our candles out, it will be an awful fix. Let's try some other way so as not to go through there."

"All right. But I hope we won't get lost. It would be so awful!" and the girl trembled at the thought.

They started down a hall and walked a long way in silence. They glanced at each new opening to see if they had gone through it before. But all the openings were strange.

"Oh, it's all right," said Tom every time he looked at a new hall. "This ain't the one, but we'll come to it right away!"

By and by Tom began to lose hope. He walked into some new halls, hoping to find the one he wanted. He still said that it was all right, but his voice now sounded as if he were saying, "All is lost." Becky stayed close to Tom's side and tried hard to hold back the tears, but they would come. At last she said, "Oh, Tom, never mind the bats. Let's go back that way! We seem to get worse and worse off all the time."

Tom stopped.

"Listen!" he said.

All was still. Not a sound could be heard except their breathing, and that seemed to grow louder in the deep silence. Tom shouted. The call went echoing far down the halls of the cave and died out in the distance.

"Oh, don't do it again, Tom. It frightens me," said Becky, trembling.

"It gives me the shakes too, Becky., but I better do it again. They *might* hear us, you know," and he shouted again.

The children stood still and listened. There was no answer. Tom started back at once and hurried his steps. It was not long before Becky knew that he could not find his way to the mouth of the cave.

"Oh, Tom, you didn't make any marks!" she cried.

"Becky, I was such a fool! Such a fool! I never thought we might want to come back! No—I can't find the way. It's all mixed up."

"Tom, Tom, we're lost! We're lost! We *never* can get out of this awful place!"

Becky sank to the ground and burst into such crying that Tom was afraid she might die or lose her mind. He sat down beside her and put his arms around her. She buried her face in his chest; she held him tightly; she poured out her fears; and the far-away echoes sent back the mournful sounds. Tom begged her to cheer up, but she said that she could not. Then he blamed himself for getting her into this trouble; these words brought better results. Becky said that she would try to hope again.

"Tom, you are no more to blame than I am. I will follow you wherever you lead if you promise never to talk like that again."

"Well, I should have known better. But I won't say any more about it."

So they moved on again—hoping—without knowing where to turn next. All they could do was to move on, keep moving, for the cave door might be in any direction. After a while Tom took Becky's candle and blew it out. Becky understood, and her hope died again. He had a whole candle and three or four pieces—yet no candles must be wasted.

By and by the children grew very tired. It was dreadful to think of sitting down while time was precious, so they forced themselves to move on. At last when Becky could go no farther, she sat down. Tom rested with her, and they talked of home and the friends there. They wished that they were in their nice soft beds, away from this dark hole. And light again—how they wanted to see the bright sunshine! Becky cried, and Tom tried to think of some way to comfort her, but he could not. At last she was so tired that she fell asleep. Tom was pleased. He sat beside her, looking at her pale face. By and by a smile came upon her lips. "She must be having a happy dream now," he thought.

Tom sat there, watching Becky for a long time. He kept himself busy thinking about some of the things he had done during his young life. While he was deep in his thoughts, Becky woke up.

"Oh, how *could* I sleep! I wish I never, never had waked. No! No, I don't, Tom! Don't look so! I won't say it again."

"I'm glad you've been sleeping, Becky. You'll feel rested now, and we'll find the way out."

"We can try, Tom, but I've seen such a beautiful country in my dream. I think we are going there."

"Maybe not, maybe not. Cheer up, Becky, and let's try again."

They got up and wandered along, hand in hand, and hopeless. They tried to judge how long they had been in the cave, but all they knew was that it seemed days and weeks. Yet they knew that this could not be, for their candles were not all gone. A long time after this—they could not tell how long—Tom said that they must go softly and listen for water—they must find a spring. They found one soon, and Tom said that it was time to rest again. Both were very tired, but Becky said that she thought she could go

on a little farther. She was surprised to hear Tom say "No." She could not understand it. They sat down, and Tom set the candle in some clay.

"Tom, I am so hungry!"

Tom took something out of his pocket. "Do you remember this?" he asked.

Becky almost smiled. "It's our picnic cake, Tom."

"Yes—I wish it was bigger, for it's all we've got."

"I saved it from the picnic for us to dream on, Tom, the way grown-up people do with wedding cake—but it'll be our—" She did not finish. Tom divided the cake, and Becky ate her part quickly,

while Tom took only a little, bite by bite. They finished the feast with a drink of water. By and by Becky wanted to move on again. Tom was silent a moment. Then he asked, "Becky, can you stand it if I tell you something?"

Becky's face grew pale, but she said that she could.

"Well, then, Becky, we must stay here, where there's water to drink. That piece is our last candle!"

Becky's eyes filled with tears, and soon she was crying. Tom did what he could to comfort her, but he was of little help.

"Tom," Becky cried at last.

"Well, Becky?"

"They'll miss us and hunt for us!"

"Yes, they will! Of course they will!"

"Maybe they're hunting for us now, Tom."

"Why, I guess maybe they are. I hope they are."

"When would they miss us, Tom?"

"When they got back to the boat, I guess."

"Tom, it might be dark then. Would they notice we hadn't come?"

"I don't know. But anyway, your mother would miss you as soon as they got home."

A frightened look came over Becky's face. Tom saw now that he had made a mistake in saying that. Becky was not to have gone home that night! Sunday might be half over before Mrs. Thatcher discovered that Becky was not at Mrs. Harper's.

The children fastened their eyes upon their small piece of candle and watched it melt slowly away. Soon there was only half an inch of wick standing alone. Then the weak flame climbed the thin wick and burned for a moment at its top, and then—the deep and dreadful blackness was all around them.

Becky opened her eyes and found herself crying in Tom's arms. How long she had been there, neither could tell. They did know, however, that they had both been asleep for what seemed a mighty long time. Tom, hoping to cheer up Becky, said that it might be Sunday now, or maybe Monday. He tried to get her to talk, but her sorrows were too deep. All her hopes were gone. Tom said that they must have been missed long ago and no doubt the search was going on. He would shout, and maybe someone would come. The boy tried it and listened. But the only sound he heard was his own voice as it echoed

back and forth through the hidden black caves. There was no answer to his call. He tried no more.

The hours passed by, and the two children became hungry again. A part of Tom's cake had been saved, so they divided it and ate. But now they seemed hungrier than before. That little bit of food only made them want more to eat.

"*Sh!* Did you hear that?" said Tom suddenly.

Both held their breath and listened. There was a sound like a far-off shout. Instantly Tom answered it. Then, leading Becky by the hand, he felt his way down the hall. Soon they listened again. The sound was heard again, a little nearer.

"It's them!" cried Tom. "They're coming! Come along, Becky. We're all right now!"

With great joy the children found their way, but their speed was slow. They had to feel carefully for holes and large stones that were often in the way. Soon they came to a large hole—it might be three feet deep—it might be a hundred feet deep. Tom got down on his knees and reached as far down as he could. No bottom! They must stay there and wait until the searching party came. They listened—the

sounds were farther away now! In a few moments they could not be heard at all! Tom shouted until he could hardly talk, but no answer came.

After waiting a long while with little hope in their hearts, the children found their way back to the spring. The weary time passed slowly on. They began to sleep again and opened their eyes hours later, hungry and sad. Tom believed that it must be Tuesday by this time.

Now an idea struck him. There were some side halls near. It would be better to find out where they led than to sit and wait. He took a kite line from his pocket and tied it to a rock. Then he and Becky started, Tom in the lead, unwinding the line as he moved along. At the end of twenty steps the hall ended in a hole. Tom got down on his knees and felt below. He could not touch the bottom. Then he felt as far around the right corner as he could reach. At that moment a human hand, holding a candle, appeared from behind a rock! It was not twenty yards away! Tom shouted with joy, and instantly that hand moved, and a man shot up from behind the rock. It was Injun Joe! Tom nearly died; he could not move.

He was happy the next moment to see the "Spaniard" take to his heels and get out of sight.

Tom wondered why Injun Joe had not known his voice and come over and killed him. But the echoes must have changed his voice—yes, that was it. Tom's fright made his whole body weak. He told himself that if he could get back to the spring, he would stay there. Nothing could make him take the chance of meeting Injun Joe again. Tom was careful to keep from Becky what he had seen. He told her that he had only shouted "for luck."

But when a person is painfully hungry, he forgets his fears. More hours at the spring and another long sleep brought changes. Tom believed that it must be Wednesday or Thursday now. It might even be Friday or Saturday, and in that case the search would have been given up. He must get up and look for a way out. But Becky was very weak. She said that she would wait where she was and die—it would not be long. She told Tom to go with his kite line if he chose, but she begged him to come back every little while and speak to her. And she made him promise that

when the awful time came, he would stay by her and hold her hand until it was all over.

Tom kissed her and promised to do as she asked. Then he began feeling his way down one of the halls on his hands and knees, sick with hunger and filled with thoughts of coming death.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"They're Found!"

Tuesday afternoon came—and still no word of the children. The village of St. Petersburg was sad and worried. Many prayers had been said for Tom and Becky, but still no good news came from the cave. Most of the men had given up the hunt and gone back to their daily work. They said that it was plain the children could never be found. Mrs. Thatcher was very ill, and most of the time she did not know what was happening. People said that it nearly broke their hearts to hear her call Becky. She would raise her head and listen for a whole minute at a time, then fall back on her bed with a sigh. Aunt Polly was in a bad way, too, and her gray hair had

grown almost white. The village went to its rest on Tuesday night, sad and heartbroken.

Away in the middle of the night the village bells began to ring. In a moment the streets were filled with half-dressed people who shouted, "Turn out! Turn out! They're found! They're found!" Cooking pans and horns were used to make more noise. The people moved toward the river, met the children riding in an open wagon drawn by other citizens, crowded around it, and joined its march toward home. And so, up the main street the children rode, as cries of joy greeted them from all sides.

The village lights were on again. Nobody went to bed. It was the greatest night the little town had ever seen. During the first half-hour the people passed through Judge Thatcher's house. They seized the children and kissed them. They shook Mrs. Thatcher's hand, tried to speak but could not—and went out, raining tears all over the place.

Aunt Polly and Mrs. Thatcher were now very happy. Their happiness would be complete, however, as soon as the judge and his few helpers in the cave were told the good news. Tom lay upon a bed,

with an eager group of people about him. He told how he and Becky wandered through the many caves, looking for a way out. Then he described how he left Becky by the spring and set out alone. He followed two halls as far as his kite line would reach. He followed a third hall to the fullest stretch of his kite line. He was about to turn back when he noticed a small spot far away. It looked like daylight. He dropped the line and crept toward the spot. Then pushing his head and shoulders through a small hole, he saw the broad Mississippi River rolling by! And he added that if it had been night, he would not have seen the spot of light or found the hole leading out of the cave!

He told how he went back for Becky. She would not believe that he had found a way out and begged him not to lead her on with such talk. She was tired and knew that she was going to die. She wanted to die! Then he told how he finally made her believe him and how she almost died with joy when she saw the bright daylight. He explained how he pushed his way out of the hole and then helped her out. He told how they sat there and cried with happiness.

He described how some men came along in a boat and how he called for help. The men didn't believe the wild tale at first, "because (as they said) you are five miles down the river from the mouth of the cave." But the men took them into the boat, rowed them to a house, gave them something to eat, and made them rest for some time. Two or three hours after dark the men started to bring them home.

Before daylight Judge Thatcher and his few helpers were found far back in the cave. The bearer of the good news reached them quickly because they had marked their path with lines tied to rocks.

The three days and nights of toil and worry in the cave had been hard on the two children. Becky and Tom soon discovered that. They were in bed all of Wednesday and Thursday and seemed to grow more tired and worn all the time. Tom moved around a little on Thursday and went downtown on Friday. By Saturday he felt nearly as well as ever. But Becky did not leave her room until Sunday, and then she looked as if she had passed through a bad illness.

Tom learned of Huck's sickness and went to see him on Friday, but could not go into the bedroom.

Nor could he enter on Saturday or Sunday. After that he was allowed to go in for a short while but was told to keep still about being lost in the cave—Huck was not to be excited. The Widow Douglas stayed in the room to see that all went well.

At home Tom was told about the robbers who had tried to get into the widow's house. He also heard that the "dirty man's" body had been found in the river near the ferry landing. It was thought that the man had been drowned while trying to get away the night of the shooting.

About two weeks later Tom was on his way to see Huck. His friend had grown strong enough now to hear all sorts of talk, and Tom wanted to tell him about being lost in the cave. Since Judge Thatcher's house was on his way, Tom stopped to see Becky. The judge and some friends started to talk to Tom, and someone asked him if he would go into the cave again. Tom said that he thought he wouldn't mind doing it.

"Well, there are others like you, Tom," said the judge. "I suppose there are many. But I've taken care of that. Nobody will get lost in that cave again."

"Why?"

"Because I had the big door of the cave covered with iron two weeks ago. I had it locked with three big locks—and I have the keys."

Tom turned as white as a sheet.

"What's the matter, boy! Here, run, somebody! Bring a glass of water!"

The water was quickly brought and thrown into Tom's face.

"Ah, now you're all right. What was the matter with you, Tom?"

"Oh, Judge, Injun Joe is in the cave."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Gold under the Cross

Within a few minutes the news had spread. A dozen small boats loaded with men were on their way to the cave. And the ferryboat, filled with people, soon followed. Tom Sawyer was in the boat that carried Judge Thatcher.

When the cave door was unlocked, a sad sight met the people. Injun Joe lay stretched upon the ground, dead, with his face close to the crack of the door. He must have had his eyes fixed, to the last moment, upon the light and cheer of the free world outside. Tom felt sorry for Injun Joe. He knew how the man had suffered. But Tom had a feeling of freedom that he had not known for a long while. Until

now he had not fully understood how much he had feared the man. At last a great load was lifted from his mind.

Injun Joe's knife lay close by, its blade broken in two. The great log under the door had been cut through after hours of work. But the time had been wasted, for a large rock was just outside the log, and through that he could not have cut. He had tried, but had broken his knife — poor fellow. And he could not have pulled himself through if he had found no rock outside, for his body was too big to get under the door. Injun Joe must have known this, too. He had only worked in order to be doing something — in order not to lose his mind.

At one time there had been half a dozen bits of candle in the cracks near the door, but now they were gone. Injun Joe had found them all and eaten every one. He had caught a few bats, and these, also, he had eaten, leaving only their feet. The poor fellow had died because he could get no food.

In one place near at hand was a hanging rock from which a drop of water fell every three minutes. Injun Joe had made a hollow in a piece of stone and placed

it under the rock to catch the precious drop—a large spoonful once every twenty-four hours. That drop was falling when Rome was built; when Christ was born; when Columbus sailed to America. It is falling now. On that bit of water Injun Joe tried to keep alive. Today people who visit the cave spend more time looking at the slow-dropping water than at any other thing.

Injun Joe was buried near the mouth of the cave. People came there from the towns and farms for miles around. They brought their children and all sorts of food. And they said that they had had as good a time at the funeral as they could have had at the hanging.

The morning after the funeral Tom took Huck to a secret place to have a most important talk. By this time Huck had heard all about Tom's being lost in the cave. The Welshman and the Widow Douglas had told him. But Tom said that he guessed there was one thing they had not told. That thing was what he wanted to talk about now. Huck's face grew sad.

"I know what it is," said Huck slowly. "You got into Number Two and never found anything but

hard drink. Nobody told me it was you. But I just knowed it must have been you when I heard about that drink business. And I knowed you hadn't got the money, too. You would have got at me some way and told me, even if you wouldn't tell anybody else. Tom, something has always told me we would never get hold of that money."

"Why, Huck, *I* never told on that hotelkeeper. You know his hotel was all right the Saturday I went to the picnic. Don't you remember you was to watch there that night?"

"Oh, yes! Why, it seems about a year ago. It was that very night I followed Injun Joe to the widow's."

"*You* followed him?"

"Yes, but don't you tell. I think Injun Joe left friends behind. And I don't want them knowing about it and doing me mean tricks. If it hadn't been for me, he would be down in Texas now, all right."

Then Huck told the whole story to Tom, who had heard only the Welshman's part of it before.

"Well," said Huck after a while, "whoever found the hard drink in Number Two found the money, too, I guess—anyways, it's gone for us, Tom."

"Huck, that money wasn't ever in Number Two!"

"What!" Huck looked sharply into Tom's face. "Tom, are you on the track of that money again?"

"Huck, it's in the cave!"

Huck's eyes popped.

"Say it again, Tom."

"The money's in the cave!"

"Tom—honest Injun, now—is it in the cave?"

"Sure it is—as sure as ever I was in my life. Will you go there with me and help get it out?"

"I'll say I will! I will if it's where we can mark our way to it and not get lost."

"Huck, we can do that without the least little bit of trouble at all."

"Good! What makes you think the money is—"

"Huck, you just wait till we get in there. If we don't find it, I'll give you my drum and everything I've got in the world. Yes, I will."

"All right—it's a go. When do you say?"

"Right now. Are you strong enough?"

"Is it far in the cave? I been on my feet a little. But I can't walk more than a mile, Tom—least I don't think I could."

"It's about five miles into there the way anybody but me would go, Huck. But I know a short cut that nobody knows about. Huck, I'll take you right to it in a boat. I'll float the boat down there, and I'll row it back again all by myself. You won't ever have to turn your hand over."

"Let's start right off, Tom."

"All right. We want some bread and meat, and our pipes, and a little bag or two, and two or three kite lines, and some matches. I tell you, many a time I wished I had some matches when I was lost in that cave before."

A little after noon the boys got a small boat and started off. When they were several miles below the mouth of the cave, Tom said, "Now you see this hill here looks all alike all the way down from the mouth of the cave. There ain't no houses or no trees, and the bushes are all alike. But do you see that white stone up there? Well, that's one of my marks. We'll get to shore now."

They landed.

"Now, Huck, if you had a fish pole, you could touch that hole I got out of. See if you can find it."

Huck looked high and low. He found nothing. Tom then marched proudly into some thick bushes and said, "Here you are! Look at it, Huck. It's the best little hole in the country. Don't you tell anybody about it, ever. All along I've been wanting to be a robber, but I knew I'd got to have a secret hole like this. And I didn't know where to find it. We've got it now, and we'll keep it quiet. Oh, we'll let Joe Harper and Ben Rogers in on it—we've got to have more than two of us. Tom Sawyer's Men—it sounds good, don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it does, Tom. And who'll we rob?"

"Oh, most anybody. We'll catch people—that's the best way."

"And kill them?"

"No, hide them till they raise a ransom."

"What's a ransom?"

"Money. You make them raise all they can from their friends, and if it ain't paid in a year, you kill them. Only you don't kill the women. You shut up the women, but you don't kill them. They're always beautiful and rich and awfully frightened. You take their watches and gold, but you're always nice to

them. There ain't anybody as nice as robbers—you'll see that in any book. Well, the women get to liking you, and after they've been in the cave a week or two weeks, they stop crying, and then you couldn't get them to leave. If you drove them out, they would turn around and come back. It's so in all the books."

"Why, that's fun, Tom. I believe it's better than to be a pirate."

"Yes, it's better in some ways, because it's close to home and the circus and all that."

By this time everything was ready, and the boys went into the hole. They tied a kite line to a piece of rock and started off. Tom was in the lead. In a few minutes they were at the spring, and Tom felt a chill tremble all through him. He showed Huck the piece of candlewick lying on the clay and told how he and Becky had watched the flame struggle and die.

The boys began to talk in whispers now, for the place was frightening and still. They went on and soon entered the hall where Tom had seen Injun Joe. They followed this until they reached the deep hole. Now, in the candlelight, they saw that it was not a hole at all, but only a hill about thirty feet high.

"Now I'll show you something, Huck," Tom whispered, as he held his candle high up. "Look as far around the corner as you can. Do you see that? There—on the big rock over there. It's made with candle smoke."

"Tom, it's a *cross!*"

"*Now* where's your Number Two? '*Under the cross*'! Right there's where I saw Injun Joe raise his candle, Huck!"

Huck looked hard at the cross and then said in a weak voice, "Tom, let's get out of here!"

"What! And leave the treasure?"

"Yes—leave it. Injun Joe's ghost is around there, I can tell you."

"No, it ain't, Huck. No, it ain't. It would be around the place he died—away out at the mouth of the cave—five miles from here."

"No, Tom, it wouldn't. It would hang around the money. I know the ways of ghosts, and so do you."

Tom began to fear that Huck was right. Then an idea struck him—"Look here, Huck, what fools we're acting like! Injun Joe's ghost ain't coming around where there's a cross!"

"Tom, I didn't think of that. But that's so. That cross is luck for us, it is. I guess we might as well climb down there and have a hunt for the box."

Tom went first, cutting steps in the clay hill. Huck followed. Four halls opened out of the cave that the great rock stood in. The boys found nothing in three of the halls. They found a large hole in the side of the fourth hall. In it were two old coats, which were spread out, some pieces of bacon, and the bones of two or three chickens. But there was no money box. The boys hunted and hunted, but with no luck.

"He said *under* the cross," said Tom. "Well, this comes nearest to being under the cross. It can't be under the rock itself, because that's set in the ground."

They searched everywhere once more and then sat down, feeling blue. By and by Tom said, "Look here, Huck, there's footprints near this side of the rock, but none on the other sides. Now, what's that for? I think the money *is* under the rock. And I'm going to dig in the clay."

"That ain't a bad idea," said Huck with spirit.

Tom's knife was out at once. He had not dug four inches before he struck wood.

"Say, Huck! Did you hear that?"

Huck began to dig with his hands now. Some boards were soon uncovered and taken out. They had hidden a hole that went under the rock. Tom got into the hole and held his candle as far out under the rock as he could. But he said that he could not see to the end. Then he started to creep forward, head first, with Huck at his heels. Thus they followed a winding course, first to the right, then to the left. Tom turned a sharp corner by and by and cried, "My goodness, Huck, look here!"

It was the treasure box, sure enough. It was in a little cave, along with two guns, two or three pairs of shoes, a leather belt, and a small empty barrel.

"Got it at last!" said Huck, as he drove his hands among the gold coins. "My, but we're rich now, ain't we, Tom?"

"Huck, I always knew we would get it. It's just too good to believe. But we *have* got it, sure! Say — let's not fool around here. Let's get it out. Let me see if I can lift the box."

It was very heavy. Tom could lift it, but he could not carry it easily.

"I thought so," he said. "*They* carried it like it was heavy, that day at the spooky house. I noticed that. I guess it was right to bring the little bags along."

The money was soon in the bags, and the boys then took it up to the big rock.

"Now, let's get the guns and things," said Huck.

"No, Huck, leave them alone. They're just the thing to have when we go to robbing. We'll keep them there all the time. And we'll hold our meetings there, too. It's an awful good place for meeting."

"Yes, that's right, Tom."

"Come along, Huck; we've been in here for a long time. It's getting late, I think. I'm hungry, too."

After a while they came out near the rock above the river, looked carefully around, saw no one, and were soon eating and smoking in the boat. After finishing their feast, they pushed off. The sun was now low as Tom, talking noisily, rowed the boat toward the village. They landed shortly after dark.

"Now, Huck," said Tom, "we'll hide the money in the widow's woodshed. And I'll come up in the morning, and we'll count it and divide. And then we'll hunt up a place in the woods where it will be

safe. Just you lay quiet here and watch the gold while I run and get Ben's little wagon."

He disappeared and soon returned with the wagon. They put the two bags of money into it and covered them with some old cloths. Then they started off, pulling their treasure behind them. When the boys reached the Welshman's house, they stopped to rest. Just as they were about to move on, the Welshman stepped out and said, "Who's there?"

"Huck and Tom Sawyer."

"Good! Come along with me, boys. You are keeping everybody waiting. Here—I'll pull the wagon for you. Why, it's not as light as it might be. Got bricks in it? or old copper?"

"Old copper," said Tom.

"I thought so. Boys in this town will spend more time hunting up a half dollar's worth of old copper to sell than they would to make twice the money at real work!"

The boys wanted to know why they should hurry.

"Never mind. You'll see when we get to the Widow Douglas's."

"But, Mr. Jones," said Huck, with a little fear, "*we* haven't been doing anything."

The Welshman laughed and said, "Well, I don't know, Huck, my boy. I don't know about that. Ain't you and the widow good friends?"

"Yes. Well, she has been a good friend to me, anyways."

"All right, then. Why do you want to be afraid?"

Huck and Tom were pushed into Mrs. Douglas' living room. Mr. Jones left the wagon near the door and followed.

The place was grandly lighted, and all the important people of the village were there. The Thatchers were there, the Harpers, the Rogerses, Aunt Polly, Sid, Mary, the preacher, the newspaperman, and a

great many others. All were dressed in their best clothes. The widow greeted the two boys as warmly as anyone could greet two such strange-looking beings. They were covered with dirt and clay. Aunt Polly's face turned red with shame, and she shook her head at Tom. The two boys would have looked red with shame, too, if anyone could have seen the color of their faces.

"Tom wasn't at home yet," said Mr. Jones, "so I gave him up. But I met him and Huck right at my door, so I just brought them along in a hurry."

"And you did just right," said the widow. "Come with me, boys."

She took them into a bedroom.

"Now wash and dress," she said. "Here are two new suits of clothes—shirts, shoes, and everything. They're Huck's—no, no thanks, Huck—Mr. Jones bought one, and I bought the other. But they'll fit both of you. Get into them. We'll wait. Come down when you are ready."

Then she left.

CHAPTER XXXV

A Surprise Party

"Tom," said Huck, "we can get away if we can find a rope. The window ain't too high from the ground."

"What do you want to get away for?"

"Well, I ain't used to that kind of a crowd. I can't stand it. I ain't going down there, Tom."

"Oh, it ain't anything. I don't mind it a bit. I'll take care of you."

Sid opened the door and stepped in. "Tom," said he, "Aunt Polly has been waiting for you all afternoon. Mary got your Sunday clothes ready, and everybody has been worrying about you. Say—ain't that dirt and clay on your clothes?"

"Now, Mr. Sid, you just attend to your own business. What's all this blowout about, anyways?"

"It's one of the widow's parties—she's always having them. This time it's for the Welshman and his sons because they saved her from the robbers the other night. And say—I can tell you something if you want to know."

"Well, what?"

"Well, old Mr. Jones is going to try to surprise the people here tonight. I heard him tell Aunt Polly today as a secret—but I suppose it's not much of a secret *now*. Everybody knows—the widow, too, even though she tries to let on she don't. Mr. Jones wanted Huck to be here—couldn't get along with his secret without Huck, you know!"

"Secret about what, Sid?"

"About Huck following the robbers to the widow's. I guess Mr. Jones was going to make a grand time over his surprise, but I think it will drop pretty flat now."

"Sid, was it you that told?"

"Oh, never mind who it was. *Somebody* told—that's enough."

"Sid, there's only one person in this town mean enough to do that, and that's you. If you had been in Huck's place, you would have run off and never told anybody about the robbers. You can't do anything but mean things. And you can't bear to see anybody praised for doing good ones. There—no thanks, as the widow says," and Tom helped Sid to the door with several kicks. "Now go down there and tell Aunt Polly if you dare—and tomorrow you'll catch it hard."

Soon the widow's friends were at the supper table, and the children were seated at small tables near the side of the room. At the right time Mr. Jones made his little speech. He thanked the widow for the honor she was doing himself and his sons. "But," he said, "there is another person who does not want his deeds known." And so he talked on. He told how Huck had followed the robbers and come to him for help. Everybody pretended to be surprised and cheered loudly for Huck. The widow acted surprised, too. She praised the boy so highly that he reached a state of discomfort even greater than that brought on by his new clothes.

The widow said that she meant to give Huck a home with her. She would care for him and send him to school. She would set him up in a little business, too, when she could spare the money.

Tom's chance had come. He said, "Huck don't need it. He's rich."

The people tried not to laugh. Who had ever seen Huck with money?

"Huck has money!" said Tom again. "Maybe you don't believe it, but he has lots of it. Oh, you needn't smile—I can show you. You just wait a minute."

Tom ran outdoors. The company looked at each other with surprise. And they looked at Huck, too, but he had not a word to say.

"Sid, what's the matter with Tom?" said Aunt Polly. "He—well, you never can make out that boy. I never—"

Tom came in, struggling with the two heavy bags, and Aunt Polly did not finish her sentence. Tom opened the sacks and poured all of the gold upon the large table.

"There—" he said, "what did I tell you? Half of it's Huck's, and half of it's mine."

This nearly took the people's breath away. All looked with popping eyes. Nobody spoke for a moment. Then everybody wanted to know where the gold had come from. Tom said that he could tell them, and he did. The story was long, but very interesting. There was hardly a sound from anyone to break the flow of words.

When Tom had finished, Mr. Jones said, "I thought I had fixed up a little surprise for you, but it don't seem like anything now. This one of Tom's is a *real* surprise."

The money was counted. There was found to be a little over twelve thousand dollars. It was more than any of the people had ever seen at one time.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Huck Joins the Robbers

The story of the two boys' treasure nearly upset the village. So large a sum of money did not seem possible. People talked about it during all hours of the night and day. Every empty house for miles around was searched for treasure. Boards were pulled from floors, and back yards were dug up in the wild search. Nothing was left untouched. All this was done, not by boys, but by big, strong men. Wherever Tom and Huck appeared, they were admired and watched. The boys were not able to remember that their words had been important before; but now their sayings were treasured and repeated. Everything they did was considered wonderful. Moreover,

everybody could see some good in the many tricks that the two boys had done in the past.

Widow Douglas put Huck's money out at six per cent interest. Judge Thatcher did the same with Tom's because Aunt Polly had asked him to help care for the money. Each boy was earning a simply wonderful sum from his money—a dollar for every weekday. And besides that, each boy would get his six thousand dollars back sometime. They were getting as much as the preacher was paid. No, they were getting as much as he was promised—he never did get it all. A dollar and a quarter a week would pay for a boy's room, food, and schooling in those simple old days—and clothe him, and wash him, too.

Judge Thatcher grew to like Tom very much. He said that no common boy could ever have got his daughter out of the cave. When Becky told her father how Tom had taken her licking in school, the judge was pleased—very much pleased. He hoped to see Tom a great lawyer or a great soldier some day. He said that he would give Tom a chance to become an officer in the army. If Tom did not like that, he could study law.

Huck Finn's money and the fact that he was living at the Widow Douglas' home brought him into society—no, dragged him into it, threw him into it. His troubles were almost more than he could bear. The people at the widow's kept him clean. They made him sleep in sheets that had not one little spot that he could press to his heart and call a friend. He had to eat with a knife and fork; he had to use a glass, cup, and plate. He had to read his books. He had to go to church. He had to wear good clothes. He could not be himself.

Huck bore these troubles for three weeks. Then one day he could not be found. For forty-eight hours the widow hunted for him, and the village people searched high and low. The river was dragged. Early the third morning Tom went to Huck's old hangout, the mill. And there in a barrel he found the runaway. Huck had just finished a breakfast of odds and ends and now was smoking his pipe. He wore the same old clothes that he had used in the days when he was happy and free. Tom told him about the search and asked him to go back home.

Huck's face lost its peaceful look and became sad. He said, "Don't talk about it, Tom. I've tried it, and it don't work, Tom. That life ain't for me. I ain't used to it. The widow's good to me and friendly. But I can't stand it. She makes me get up at just the same time every morning. She makes me wash. She won't let me sleep in the woodshed. I got to wear them new clothes that don't let any air in. And they're so nice that I can't sit down, nor lay down, nor roll around anywhere. I got to go to church and sit and sit—I hate them speeches. I can't catch a fly in there, and I can't smoke. I got to wear shoes all day Sunday. The

widow eats by a bell. She goes to sleep by a bell. She gets up by a bell. Everything's so regular a body can't stand it."

"Well, everybody does that way, Huck."

"Tom, it don't make no difference. I ain't everybody. And I can't *stand* it. It's awful to be tied up so. And the food comes too easy — I don't take no interest in food that way. I got to ask to go fishing. I got to ask to go swimming. Darned if I ain't got to ask to do everything. The widow wouldn't let me smoke. She wouldn't let me yell. And darned if she didn't pray all the time! I never did *see* such a woman! I *had* to go, Tom — I just *had* to. And besides that, school's about to open — well, I wouldn't stand *that*, Tom.

"Look here, Tom, money ain't what it's cracked up to be. It's just worry and worry, and trouble and trouble, and wishing you was dead all the time. Now, these old clothes suits me, and this barrel suits me, and I ain't ever going to leave them any more. Tom, I wouldn't ever got into all this trouble if it hadn't been for that money. Now you just take my share of it along with yours, Tom. And hand me ten cents

sometimes—not many times, because I don't give a hang for things that ain't hard to get. And you go and fix it up for me with the widow."

"Look here, Huck, being rich ain't going to keep me from being a robber."

"No! Oh, do you sure enough mean it, Tom?"

"Just as sure as I'm sitting here. But, Huck, we can't let you in with us if you don't go back home."

"Can't let me in? Didn't you let me be a pirate?"

"Yes, but that's different. A robber is more high-class. In most countries they're nobles, and counts, and such."

"Now, Tom, ain't you always been a friend of mine? You wouldn't shut me out, would you, Tom? You wouldn't do that now, *would* you, Tom?"

"Huck, I wouldn't want to, and I *don't* want to—but what would people say? Why they would say, 'Tom Sawyer's Men! Pretty low people in it!' They would mean you, Huck. You wouldn't like that, and I wouldn't."

Huck was silent for some time. At last he said, "Well, I'll go back to the widow for a month and try

and see if I can stand it, if you'll let me belong, Tom."

"All right, Huck. Come along, old boy. And I'll ask the widow to let up on you a little, Huck."

"Will you, Tom—now will you? That's good. If she'll let up on some of the worst things, I'll smoke and swear when I'm away from the house. When are you going to turn robbers?"

"Oh, right away. We'll get the boys together and have a meeting tonight, maybe."

"What'll we do?"

"Swear everybody in."

"What for?"

"It's to swear to stand by one another and never tell our secrets, even if you're cut all to pieces. And it's to swear to kill anybody and all his family that hurts one of our men."

"That's gay—that's mighty gay, Tom, I tell you."

"Well, I know it is. And all that swearing has got to be done at midnight in the most awful place you can find. Spooky houses are the best, but they're all down now."

"Well, midnight's good, anyway, Tom."

"Yes, so it is. And you've got to swear on a coffin and sign it with blood."

"Now, that's something *like* it. Why, it's a million times better than being a pirate. I'll stay with the widow till I die, Tom. And if I get to be a regular robber, and everybody talks about it, I guess she'll be glad she hooked me in out of the wet."

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About This Book

Tom Sawyer, published in 1876 and written by Samuel Clemens better known as Mark Twain, has been a universal favorite for young and old.

In his adaptation of Mark Twain's masterpiece, Mr. Berglund has preserved so far as possible the style, humor, plot, and concepts of the original.

The total vocabulary consists of fewer than 1500 words, 90 per cent of which are from the first 2000 words of Thorndike's *A Teacher's Word Book.* The remaining 10 per cent are from the Elson-Gray basic reading list for the first four grades.

The manuscript of *Tom Sawyer* has been read by a large number of individual junior high school pupils and has been revised in accordance with their reactions to vocabulary, sentence structure, and ease of comprehension. Any passage not clear to the average pupil having a minimum of 3.5 reading ability, according to standardized tests, was revised until it was satisfactorily understood. The general reaction to the manuscript by these boys and girls was, "One of the best stories I have ever read."

The books in this series which provide easy reading material that gives students a chance to feel successful, regardless of their proficiency in reading are:

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The Six Robbens
The Flying Trunk
The Mystery of Edison Brown
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1001 Nights
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